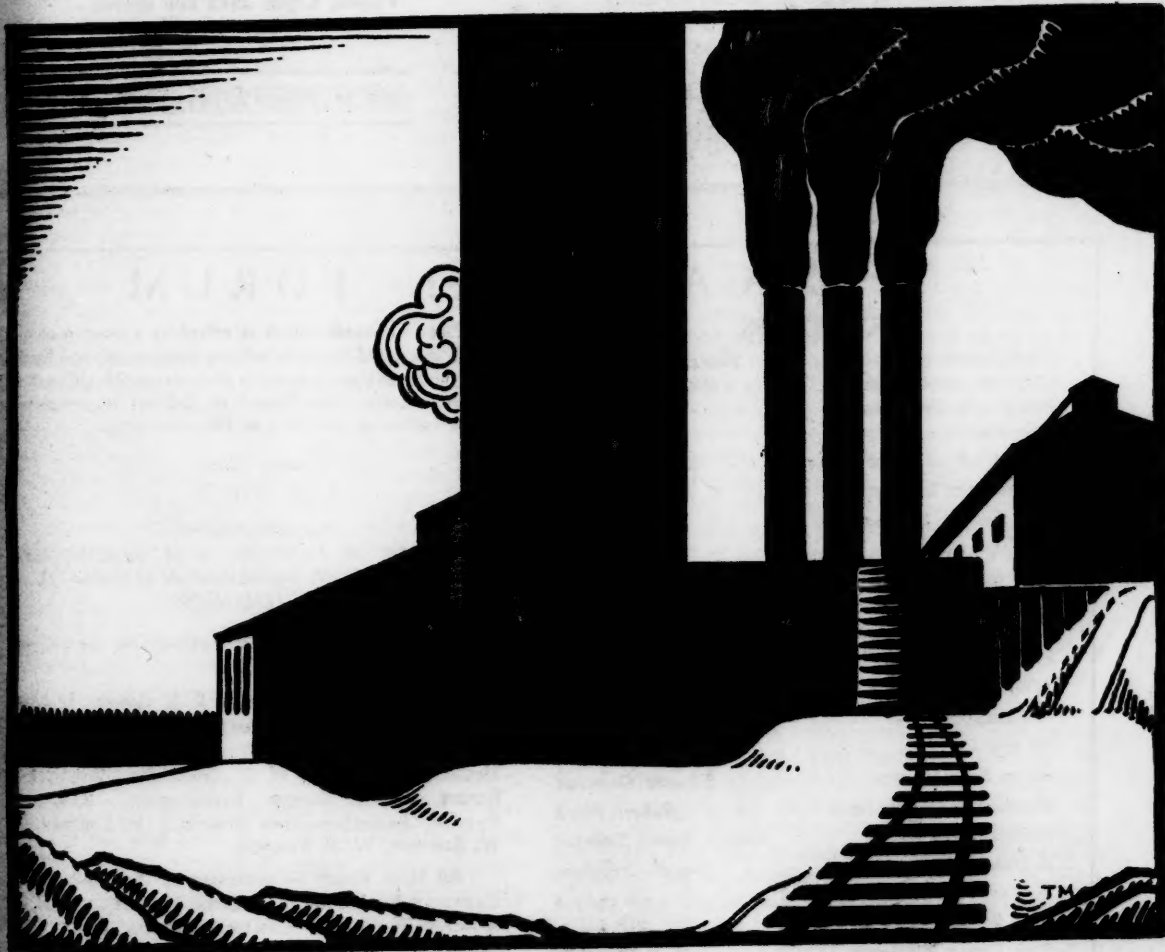


149



# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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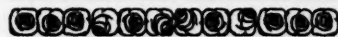
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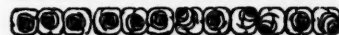


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## THE CANADIAN FORUM

### CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN	-	-	-	Thoreau MacDonald
CHANGES AND CHANCES AT OTTAWA	-	-	-	Richard de Brisay
NOTES AND COMMENT	-	-	-	
O CANADA	-	-	-	F. H. U.
THE WOLF AND THE LAMB	-	-	-	R. Keith Hicks
TORIES AND LABOURITES	-	-	-	S. Mack Eastman
THE FOREST PANORAMA	-	-	-	E. Newton-White
A VALENTINE	-	-	-	John Linnell
SCIENCE: A PLURALISTIC METAPHYSIC	-	-	-	
	-	-	-	Steward Basterfield
THE NEW WRITERS: D. H. LAWRENCE	-	-	-	H. J. Davis
FROM OSLER STREET	-	-	-	George Walton
SCHOOLING	-	-	-	Mary Quayle Innis
PREFERENCES	-	-	-	Inconstant Reader
IN THE COUNTRY	-	-	-	Yulia Biriukova
AS TO FINE WRITING	-	-	-	Edward Ormerod
NORMANDY MANTLEPIECE	-	-	-	Robert Finch
COMMENT ON ART	-	-	-	Jehanne Bietry Salinger
A MEMORY	-	-	-	Alan B. Creighton
BOOKS	-	-	-	
THE READER'S FORUM	-	-	-	
THE LITTLE THEATRES	-	-	-	Edited by R. Keith Hicks

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## CHANGES AND CHANCES AT OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT is not to meet until February 20, and when the amount of business awaiting it is considered it is not surprising that speculation has been rife as to the meaning of this unusually late date being set for the opening of the session. The negotiations for the return of the natural resources to the western provinces have reached their last stage but can still be depended on to provide matter for a good deal of discussion; so can the questions of the export of liquor to the United States, the British Columbia fisheries treaty, the financial reorganization of the C.N.R., the revision of pensions, and the new Grain Act. Then there is the matter of divorce courts for Ontario, which will be settled only after infinite confused wrangling, if at all; and if it is not settled Mr. Woodsworth can be trusted to make the House pay a time penalty when the divorce bills for the year are brought in. Beyond these questions of immediate concern loom the larger questions of the tariff and the St. Lawrence waterway, either of which, and especially the tariff, may develop into the dominating issue of the year. And since the session is expected to be the last of this Parliament, the probabilities of its dragging on into midsummer must already be casting a premonitory gloom over the farmer members of the House. The opposition press sees in the unusual delay merely a further proof of Government incompetence, but it is more probable that a late date has been purposely adopted in order that light on the new American tariff may be forthcoming before the session is too far advanced, or, as we would like to believe, in order that the new Finance Minister may have time to work out the details of some advance in fiscal policy to celebrate his first budget. Mr. Crerar's election in Brandon on February 14, which supplies the official excuse for the late date, is hardly a weighty reason for delay, but the Prime Minister assuredly pays his new colleague a weighty compliment in officially postponing the opening of Parliament on his account.

MR. DUNNING'S accession to the Ministry of Finance and Mr. Crerar's long-delayed entrance to the Liberal Cabinet as Minister of Railways are portents deserving more attention than they have received. They seem to mark the end of a phase in our politics which began with the insurgent farmers' creation of the Progressive Party, which under Mr. Crerar's leadership promised at one time to supplant the Liberal Party in Canada as the Labour Party has supplanted it in Britain. After the 1921 election, when the Progressives returned sixty-odd members to Ottawa, it was their party and not the Conservatives' which constituted the real menace to Mr. King's Ministry. For the Progressives stood on a platform that appealed to all Liberals of the Left and was repugnant only to the reactionary forces in the Party whose chieftains were Mr. Fielding and Sir Lomer Gouin, and if the Progressives had been sufficiently united themselves to make the most of their position they might have split Mr. King's party in two, capturing its left wing and driving its right into a permanent union with the Conservatives. It is not the place here to recapitulate the vicissitudes of that long duel between the old party and the new, but looking backwards now it seems that the decisive turning point came as early as 1922 when Mr. Crerar resigned the Progressive leadership. Under Mr. Forke's easy-going command, the Progressive forces instead of undermining the Liberals were successfully countermined by Mr. King, and so when the Liberals in 1926 launched their grand assault on the weakened positions of their would-be supplanters they won the day and re-established their supremacy over wide areas of the prairies.

\* \* \*

MR. CRERAR is still regarded askance by the farmer groups who remained true to the new faith, but it should not be forgotten that his resignation of the party leadership in '22, though partly due to business reasons, was largely due to the fact that he had tried without success to reconcile the conflicting opinions of the factions within the Party and, having failed, felt that he could not usefully continue to lead it. He believed that the Party to achieve its aims must broaden



out beyond the limits of a purely agrarian group and appeal to all progressives in city and country alike; he believed also that it must have a central organization and a party fund, openly subscribed but controlled by the central organization, to be applied to legitimate party expenses. His views on major issues were frankly those of an advanced Liberal rather than of a class leader, and if he had had his way it is more than likely that his party would have supplanted the old Liberal organization in our politics. But Mr. Crerar could not convert the representatives of the Simon-Pure farmer groups, and it was that split within the party which spoilt its chances and reduced it to its present dimensions and character. The Progressive group at Ottawa now, small, compact, and intelligent, wields an influence quite out of proportion to its numbers, but it is essentially a class group with a limited appeal and limited objectives. Mr. Crerar has been consistent both in resigning his leadership of the third party and in now returning to politics as Minister of Railways in the Liberal Cabinet. It is all very well for some of the farmers to complain that he was the only man who could have led their movement to success and that his desertion ruined its chances; but they were among the very ones in the Party who would not grant him the centralized authority he believed to be necessary if success was to be won.

\* \* \*

**B**UT the important matter at present is the significance we should attach to Mr. Crerar's entrance to the Government at this time and in coincidence with the appointment of Mr. Dunning to the Department of Finance. Mr. Dunning, though ever a Liberal in his politics, represents at Ottawa much the same forces as does Mr. Crerar: both men have their roots in the West and by choice and necessity alike stand for the western low-tariff interests as opposed to the protectionist interests still represented in the Cabinet by Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Euler. For Mr. King to give the Portfolio of Finance to a western free-trader and at the same time bring another one into his Cabinet in an important post is surely a move of the first importance, particularly when both Ministers are men of the first calibre in brains and in character. In Mr. King's first Cabinet in 1921 the outstanding figures were Sir Lomer Gouin, Mr. Fielding, and, of course, the Prime Minister: now they are Messrs. King, Dunning, Crerar, and Lapointe. From the point of view of fiscal policy the change in complexion is assuredly startling, and encourages a hope that the Government's tariff policy will take a more Liberal turn. This, no doubt, is the precise effect that Mr. King wished to obtain, and it is only marred by the extraordinary equanimity maintained by the protectionist press in the face of what should appear to its owners as a national disaster.

\* \* \*

**F**ROM the tactical viewpoint this signal honouring of Western representatives was just the right move for Mr. King to make at the present time. His long sapping-and-mining campaign against the insurgents having won a large measure of success, it is necessary to consolidate his position by convincing those farmers who have

been won over and those who are still wavering that their interests will be in future his particular care. For the Progressive group still wields a powerful influence on the prairies, and, with an election imminent, western sentiment must be favoured to the furthest limit of Quebec's patience if the Liberals are to secure a comfortable majority. With Mr. Dunning in charge of our fiscal policy and Mr. Crerar of our railways, the farmers should feel confident that their special interests, tariffs and freights, are in safe hands. But the farmers, although fairly content with present freights, are not at all content with the present tariff, and they will become acutely discontented if with Mr. Dunning of Saskatchewan in charge of the budget no concessions to their well-known demands are made. During the past few years of their political and economic activity the farmers have almost reached their objective of getting a fair return for what they have to sell, and therefore we can now expect their energies to be concentrated on their twin objective of paying only a fair price for what they have to buy. Owing entirely to their own efforts the protective tariff was reduced on agricultural implements in 1924 and on motor cars in 1926, but other tariff cuts have been insignificant, for the past three years there have been none at all, and every farmer is convinced that the time is ripe for some further reduction in the duties on manufactured goods. That Mr. Dunning and Mr. Crerar should be exalted to key positions in the Government is doubtless pleasing to western sentiment, but the compliment will have no political effect unless it is followed by action. In effect, if the Liberal Party brings the farmers results they will continue to back it; if it does not, there will be a renaissance of the farmers' movement and the Progressive group at Ottawa will again swell to formidable proportions.

\* \* \*

**T**HE most disturbing thing about the press reception of the new Cabinet appointments is not the geniality displayed by Conservative papers but the hearty assurances in Liberal organs that with men of sound Liberal principles so prominent in the Government we need fear no upward revisions in the protective tariff. This looks very much as if the Liberals are hankering to play the same old game, and, so long as the Conservatives shout for higher protection, pose as Free Trade champions by shouting even louder that the tariff must not and shall not be raised. But these tactics will no longer serve with the majority of the farmers, and the men of vision in the Liberal Party must realize that the support of the farmers is vital to the Party. They should also realize that with the changed conditions in our industry, a low-tariff Government can now look for support to great manufacturing industries whose interests are anti-protectionist and whose influence is enormous.

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most extraordinary things in our politics is the Liberal's failure to capitalize the cramping effects of the protective tariff on our most promising manufacturing industries. Canada is one of those countries which must live on world trade: in all our basic industries our production is enormously greater than we can



consume; we must sell over a thousand million dollars' worth of our products abroad, and since we must sell this vast quantity of goods to other countries we must buy roughly as much from them in return, for goods ultimately can only be paid for by goods. Much of what we buy abroad must of necessity be manufactured articles, therefore it follows that if we are to keep on selling our products we cannot also make all the manufactured articles we need for our own use (Mr. Bennett notwithstanding). Since we cannot make all the manufactured goods we use, it is clearly our best policy not to try to make a little of everything but to concentrate on the making of those things which owing to our peculiar advantages in raw materials and in power we can make best and cheapest. But our own comparatively small home market is often not sufficient to absorb the full production of such industries and they begin to sell, like our farmers, in the world market. A field of almost unlimited possibilities is thus opened to many an industry, but if it is to be exploited to the full, and thereby give employment to thousands more Canadians, these Canadian goods must sell cheaply to compete successfully with the products of other nations—and a national policy of protection increases the cost of production above what it would naturally be. Thus our farm-implementation industry, for example, would benefit in proportion as the protective tariff is reduced just as much as would our farmers themselves. If the greatest opportunities for Canadian industry lie in the development of its world trade, and all the signs point that way, the sooner our protective tariff is scaled down the quicker and healthier our industrial development will be, even though some weak or inefficient industries are weeded out in the process.

WE Canadians can profit by studying the present industrial conditions in Great Britain. Britain, like Canada, is a country whose prosperity is founded on world trade, and British industry to-day is suffering because many of its products are too dear to compete with those of other nations. If the British adopted protection, their goods would be dearer still and they would lose still more of the world trade which is essential to their prosperity. That is why the bulk of British opinion, even in London and the North, is against protection. The way out for British industry lies in rationalization and increased efficiency, and it is by these means that many British manufacturers have not only maintained but increased their trade; but the more reactionary ones in cotton and coal and the heavy industries are loth to accept the new gospel, and their conservatism is costing the country a pretty penny. The root of the trouble with the British seems to have been that for some years they did not get out of their people efficiency in proportionate return to the high wages and social subsidies they paid them. High wages and low costs can be combined, but only by the maximum efficiency of workers, methods, and plant. Protection from competition does not make for efficient industries, and a Canadian Government can do infinitely more to build up healthy industries in Canada by reducing costs of production, by generously

subsidizing industrial research, and by assisting our manufacturers to secure foreign markets, than by maintaining a high tariff wall around our market at home.

THE prosperity of the United States under high protection is still cited as an argument for protection in Canada; but the circumstances of Canadian industry are radically different from those which govern the American in that our foreign trade equals that of the United States when their population was ten times ours. During the past few years changing conditions have driven the Americans to seek world markets for many of their products and now their world trade is four times greater than ours. Since the proportion of their population to ours is now twelve to one, this means that their foreign trade is only one third as important to their economic life as is ours in Canada; yet even this advance has had so remarkable an effect on American opinion that the present tariff Bill has been held up for a whole year and has not yet passed the Senate. The appearance of satires on protectionists in the *Saturday Evening Post* is fair ground for assuming that a change of heart on the tariff question is imminent in our neighbours; but probably it will be some years before this change effects a definite reversal of tariff policy at Washington, and in the meantime our manufacturers have the advantage of the Americans in every foreign market where their tariff advances have provoked resentment. The easier we make our own tariff against the foreigner, the greater opportunities will our exporters be granted in the markets of Europe, Asia, and South America.

THESE considerations must have been given due weight by Mr. King in plotting his latest chart of Liberal progress, and we can only hope that they have convinced him that a tack towards freer trade can be safely made. After all, Mr. Dunning's and Mr. Crerar's opinions on the tariff are fixed, and we can hardly believe that they would be content to serve merely as ornamental figures on the Liberal façade. But the Government should give some proofs during the coming session that its future attitude will be inspired by the orthodox Liberal conception of our national interests; and upon the convincingness of those proofs will depend very largely its chances of winning an adequate majority at the next election or of being reduced to the pitiful plight it experienced in 1925. The Quebec protectionist element can hardly be so powerful as to control Mr. King's reorganized Cabinet, and while national sentiment is set against any reduction in our general tariff on United States goods, there remains the whole field of the British Preference and the intermediate tariff for Mr. Dunning to work in. Of course, if the dull winter we are experiencing as a result of the stock-market crash and the wheat hold-up is not offset by a prosperous summer, Mr. King will probably decide to wait another year before going to the country. In that event the necessity for his Government to live up to its new western complexion will become even more stringent.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

## NOTES AND COMMENT

## NATIONAL PARKS

**B**ITTER criticism has recently been levelled at a provincial government for its administration of a certain park, and claims have been made that in granting leases to allow lumber companies to operate within its borders the future value of the park, both in its natural beauty and its wild life, have been wantonly sacrificed to commercial interests. However this may be, it gives added interest to the report published in the daily press that the Minister of the Interior hopes to establish a National Park in every province of the Dominion and to extend the boundaries of those already existing. While few details are given, one item of particular interest is the proposed method of safeguarding the parks from harmful exploitation through the granting of leases or rights to commercial enterprises. Mr. Stewart proposes to achieve this security by removing the power to make grants from the hands of the Minister to those of Parliament itself. That is, before any rights may be assigned, a private bill must be introduced and passed by the house. Such a plan should receive very careful scrutiny before it is accepted, for there are other, and possibly better, means of controlling national property which should be carefully studied before a definite policy is embarked on. There is, for instance, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England with its allied National Trust. Between them they aim to protect or to acquire for the nation lands and buildings of natural beauty or historic interest, and, as regards lands, to preserve as far as practicable 'the natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life.' An independent parks commission with wide powers might do much valuable work in Canada in addition to the maintenance of our national preserves. But whatever scheme is finally evolved, any one which will ensure their extension and conscientious, wise protection will receive whole-hearted support, for our parks and preserves are a characteristic of this country of which most Canadians are justly proud.

## YOUNG ORATORS

**T**HOSE moralists who are worried over Young Communists' Leagues and such things should direct their attention to another form of youthful depravity which has become distressingly prevalent during recent years. We mean Boys' Parliaments which now meet during the Christmas holidays in all the provinces. Here innocent youths whose only weakness has been a tendency to fluency of language are brought together by the Fagins of the Boys' Work organizations and are taught all the vicious arts of the modern politician. They are encouraged to deliver rhetorical speeches about nothing in particular. They pass noble resolutions which they will never have the responsibility of carrying out. They divide into imitation parties and hold party caucuses and construct party machines for electing one another to office. They listen to sentimental platitudinous orations by the chief professional windbags of the provincial capital

city, and are taught to model themselves upon these masters. They get their pictures in the papers just like real grown-up politicians and are received by the lieutenant-governor; and after this course of training they go out into the world with heads so swollen and so empty that most of them never recover. Any educator in our higher institutions of learning will bear witness that these boy orators, as a class, are the most completely worthless of all the students who go through his hands. Accurate statistics on the subject are not yet available but a fairly wide investigation leads to the conclusion that from eighty to ninety per cent. of them are aiming at public life. Fortunately for our country most of them never get there but end up as Realtors or Rotarians or both.

## BRITISH POLICY AT GENEVA

**W**E print in this number the first of two articles by Mack Eastman on British League Policy. It is some time since we had the pleasure of publishing a contribution from Mr. Eastman's pen, and for the benefit of new readers we might say that he, who was sometime head of the Department of History in the University of British Columbia, has been for the past four years on the Secretariat of the International Labour Office at Geneva. As director of a research section, he has sat on many committees of the League of Nations, and his articles will comprise a study which sums up his observations of British policy at Geneva under the late Conservative and the present Labour Governments. We consider ourselves very lucky in securing so valuable a contribution to the current discussion of an absorbing subject.

## A CONTEST FOR NOVELISTS

**L**ITERARY competitions have become fashionable in Canada of late. National contests for the best short story, the best one-act play, or the best essay, with respectable prizes to encourage young writers, are now common; but it is still an uncommon event for Canadian writers to be invited to enter a contest for 'the best Canadian novel' and to be offered the chance of winning a prize so substantial as to make competition worth while. We are happy, therefore, to draw our readers attention to the contest announced by The Graphic Publishers Limited, of Ottawa, for the best novel by a Canadian author submitted to them during the coming year. Only manuscripts by Canadian authors—Canadian by birth or adoption, resident in Canada or abroad—will be eligible, but the contestants are given a free hand in selecting their theme and its setting. The contest closes on December 1, the results will be announced on March 31, 1931, and the winning entries will be published in the autumn of that year. The first prize is \$2,500, the second \$1,500, and the third \$1,000. From what we know of the returns secured by Canadian authors, we believe these rewards will be tempting to many writers with more than one novel already to their credit, but the main interest of the contest lies in its chances of bringing forth work of quality by new writers. We

are informed that the committee of judges will consist of three or five 'well-known and impartial authors and literary men,' whose names will be announced later. We await the announcement with lively interest, for it seems to us that on the selection of this board of judges much will depend. No doubt the prizes offered will bring in several novels with the standard merits which in their highest development constitute a best-seller; but there is an exciting possibility that among the mass of manuscripts will be one stamped with the authentic originality that we call genius—and against that incomparable quality all the standard merits should not be allowed to weigh.



THE citizens of Toronto are just recovering from the most exciting political campaign that they have enjoyed for years. Their municipal elections on January 1 brought out the heaviest poll in the city's history and had the startling result that a town-planning scheme which, on the face of it, was long overdue and should have been welcomed by every sane man and woman, was turned down by a majority of the electors. To the rest of the country this will only seem another example of the incurable stupidity of the self-styled intellectual capital of Canada. And no doubt most Canadians glanced at the press despatch announcing the result of the polling with the usual contemptuous amusement that Toronto politics and politicians arouse elsewhere, and turned over the page to find the hockey scores. But this particular campaign had some features which are of more than merely local significance.

The only local question at issue in Toronto in recent years had been whether the gang of politicians who take their inspiration from the *Telegram* or the similar gang supported by the *Star* should control the City Hall. There was no distinction of policy between the rival gangs, the municipal elections turned largely about personalities, and all that they fought for was jobs. Recently the *Telegram*, which had bossed the city administration from time immemorial, had seemed to be slipping. It had been beaten for two years in succession in the mayoralty elections; and the juiciest job of last year, a Hydro Commissionership, had been refused to its protégé and (most improperly) had been voted by the controllers and aldermen to one of themselves, a favorite of the *Star*.

But during the last year a group of millionaire citizens had lent their names to a plan for relieving the traffic congestion of the down-town area by laying out several new streets and widening several others. The city was to buy up properties along the routes affected and sell them again at the increased prices which the new streets would produce. Safeguards were included against profiteering by real estate speculators. The expenditure which was not met by profits from the sale of lands was to be paid for by taxes levied on the city as a whole and not by local improvement taxes. The plan was approved by the

chief permanent officials of the city, and at the new year it was submitted to the vote of the people.

\* \* \*

THE campaign which followed took a remarkable turn. It became a straight fight between rich and poor. The *Telegram* denounced the whole scheme as a plot by a small body of wealthy property owners in the centre of the city to improve the value of their holdings at the expense of the city as a whole. It attacked certain individuals by name as having interested motives. It appealed to the sectional jealousy of outlying small home-owners against the down-town skyscraper plutocracy. It published every evening pictures of small homes with its own calculation of the increased taxes which they would have to pay to finance the scheme. Side by side with these it published pictures of the palaces of the two millionaire owners of the *Star* and the *Mail and Empire* who, to its oft repeated disgust, both live outside Toronto and escape local taxation. Mere description can give but a faint impression of the skill with which the *Telegram* played upon this anti-rich-man theme. One must have lived in Toronto to appreciate its peculiar facility in working up the hysteria of itself and its readers when it gets into a fight.

On the other side the supporters of the scheme displayed a faith in the power of great names which was almost pathetic in its naiveté. They were tireless in publishing lists of the financially and socially prominent who were boosters of the plan. A Citizens' Committee was formed to educate the populace in the virtues of the plan, and the list of its membership reads like a social register of 'the best people' of the Queen City. In the whole of Toronto there must have been hardly a business man with \$25,000 income or more who didn't manage to get a little free advertising for himself by having his picture inserted in the newspapers as a supporter of the plan. It really did one's heart good to see this sudden outburst of public spirit among the well-to-do and to watch their strenuous efforts to get on to the band-wagon.

When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that the voting had taken the same class lines as the campaign. The down-town areas, where corporate property owners are powerful, and the high-class residential districts were for the plan. The outlying sections and the poorer districts were against it. The poor man's candidate for mayor (who, up to the time of the election was city editor of the *Telegram*) was elected. Three of the four places on the Board of Control went to opponents of the plan. And comic relief was provided after the strain of the campaign when it was found that the fourth controller was none other than Jimmy Simpson, the well-known socialist, who was elected as a supporter of the plan because of the heavy vote polled for him by the aristocrats of Rosedale and the Hill.

\* \* \*

NO doubt this appeal to class prejudice by the *Telegram* was deplorable, and its success has distressed all the right-thinkers. No doubt also, in fanning into flame the dislike of the masses for those who are rich and successful, the *Telegram* was making exactly the same appeal as is made by Bolshevism; and, as the *Star* has since pointed out, it was playing upon the same enmities here between



class and class that have made Moscow what it is. But a perverse observer who happens to share the *Telegram's* lack of admiration for millionaires cannot help taking a certain amount of comfort out of the whole proceeding. On this continent and in this generation there has been a concerted movement to make the worship of the big business man our real religion. It is refreshing to find that there is still a stubborn residue of common people who have not yet been converted. If our great men want enthusiastic followers they must provide a different kind of leadership, and they must do in reality a little of the disinterested thinking about civic problems which they were so loud in professing to have done in Toronto during recent months. Their scheme of town planning was to build new thoroughfares in the centre of the city for the relief of traffic congestion and then to line these new roads with skyscrapers which in ten or fifteen years would only make the congestion worse. This is the fashion which New York has been setting for all the other cities of the continent. If our business leaders cannot do a little more original planning than this they deserve their defeat.

\* \* \*

THIS revolt in the municipal sphere of Toronto's tory democracy against its betters is significant of a wider unrest. It is not generally enough understood that the Toronto Orangeman is a democrat as well as a tory. The *Telegram* has always been suspicious of the zeal with which the Conservative party in Canada has devoted itself to the service of big business. It has a strong conviction of the predatory instincts of the great and powerful and never ceases to warn its readers against them. When parliament is sitting at Ottawa its breezy and cynical despatches telling of the manoeuvres of the lobbyists of big business among the politicians form a green oasis amidst the dreary desert of Toronto journalism. It is ever on the watch against grabs by the Bell Telephone or the Sun Life or the Beauharnois crowd. It has been noticeably restless during the armistice which the present management of the Ontario Hydro has signed with the power barons. It has never concealed its dislike of Conservative leaders such as Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Bennett, who move only among the best people; and no one familiar with Toronto needs to be told how completely the ordinary Toronto Orangeman shares its views on this subject.

Yet, while the democracy is as real as the toryism, nothing could be more obvious than its failure to accomplish results outside of the municipal sphere. After all, what is the use of being critical of big business on one day and then swallowing the tariff whole on the next? The whole argument for the tariff is based on a simple faith in the benevolent nature of captains of industry, and in their eagerness to pass on benefits to the masses of workers, which the *Telegram* receives with hoots and jeers when anyone professes it in any other connection. And the tory democrats can always be depended on not to desert the party. They are satisfied with the spoils of the City Hall and on the wider national issues they let themselves be manipulated by the men higher up. It is only in our rural population that democracy in Canada has shown itself capable of thinking and acting

for itself on national issues, and that, too, only in the West. Our urban democracy is still helpless and can rise to nothing more constructive than occasional outbursts of envy against the rich.

F. H. U.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB OR THE DANGER OF ARGUMENT

*After La Fontaine*

A vernal lamb was drinking  
The water of a rill;  
A hungry wolf came slinking  
His raging maw to fill.

'How dare you roil my water,  
You brazen little sheep?  
An ewe shall lose her daughter,  
Ere I lie down to sleep.'

This lamb, who loved debating  
At any time or place  
Could not refrain from stating  
Her version of the case.

'It cannot be, Your Highness,  
Exactly as you deem  
I'm moistening my dryness  
Below you in the stream.'

'Last year you uttered slander,  
You vicious little fiend.'  
The lamb replied with candour:  
'I couldn't. I'm not weaned.'

'Well then it was your brother,  
He's always queering me,'  
'I doubt it sir; my mother  
Has no more family.'

Just here his case was ended  
For lack of evidence;  
'Twas clear she'd not offended,  
But that was her offence.

And so she died, a victim  
To disputation's lure.  
Had she been wise, and tricked him,  
She might have lived secure.

R. KEITH HICKS.

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## TORIES AND LABOURITES: GENEVA AND THE HAGUE

BY S. MACK EASTMAN

CANADIAN workers for international understanding and co-operation have frequently declared: 'We must keep the League out of politics!' In the early stages of the great Geneva experiment, this was nearly everywhere desirable and possible. Today, even if desirable, it is no longer possible except where the League of Nations is still regarded as a pious day-dream instead of a practical reality.

The rôle played by a nation, especially a great nation, on the shores of Lake Lemman is a variable and not a constant quantity. While almost every State Member manifests loyalty to the League as it conceives it, yet this conception alters with the swing of the political pendulum. A legitimate question with regard to each successive government is not whether it adheres to the institutions of Geneva and the Hague in principle but how much of them it accepts in practice. Nowhere is this more obviously true than in Great Britain, where the League has quite definitely ascended (not descended) into the arena of party politics.

An English wit remarked last year that the Conservative Government was like 'an inverted Mr. Micawber, always waiting for something to turn down.' This epigram applied with some justice to that Government's policy at Geneva. To most of the Tory Ministers the League of Nations was a precocious child whose growth must be arrested by judicious starvation mitigated by pleasant promises of generous repasts in a far-distant future. If, under such a régime, the infant had expired, its demise would have been mourned in all sincerity not only by its great promoter, Lord Robert Cecil, but also by Viscount Chelwood, but also by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary.

For, in spite of his detractors among his political opponents and among peace-makers, there is no doubt that Sir Austen Chamberlain was loyally devoted to the League as he conceived it,—that is, as a gentlemen's club where the political leaders of the various nations might meet frequently and reason together confidentially and faithfully. Of a League with power, of 'incipient international government', he had no vision.

The now famous 'eternal no' of the Tory Cabinet in this little capital of the world, was first heard with ominous significance in Sir Austen's formal rejection of the MacDonald-Herriot Protocol in September, 1925. One can hardly forget the tone in which he instructed the members of the Assembly, like a crowd of colonial schoolboys, in the secrets of England's greatness, her dependence upon tradition and instinct rather than upon theory and intellect. Nor how he invited the inevitable retort that while tradition and instinct may suffice for national evolution, they are hindrances rather than helps in the construction of international agreements, in which, since differing instincts arise out of divergent experiences, reliance must needs be placed upon reflection and logic.

The Geneva Protocol was a lofty attempt to

attain general security through a logical system involving universal arbitration, a united front against possible aggressors, and prerequisite disarmament. Had MacDonald remained in office, he would have invited Parliament to ratify with reservations. With a Conservative Government in power, the letter of the Protocol was doomed; but its spirit continued to haunt succeeding Assemblies; and delegates of France, Holland, Greece, Czechoslovakia, and other States made repeated efforts to reunite body and soul. Especial emphasis was laid on 'all-in' arbitration, which the Conservatives steadfastly refused. Sir Austen reminded his foreign colleagues that the British Empire had actually practised arbitration perhaps oftener than all of their countries combined; but their reply amounted in sum to the query: 'Of what use is it to the rest of us to know that you have arbitrated two hundred times or two thousand times, if you still reserve the right to refuse to arbitrate whenever it may suit your purpose?'

Still more difficult than the question of arbitration is the problem of 'sanctions', the problem of how to define, designate, and repel the aggressor at the call of the League,—of how, in short, to maintain order among the nations. This portion of the Protocol attracts Continental States in exposed positions, but disquiets most outlying Members of the League in relatively safe positions like Britain and the Dominions. Accordingly it was not to be expected that Sir Austen would go far in the direction of sanctions, yet it must be noted as an exception to the rule of Tory negation, that he did approve of the plan for financial aid to victims of aggression which Mr. Arthur Henderson has supported this year and which will come up again for consideration at the Assembly of 1930.

Returning to 1925, we see the British Government offering an important local compromise at Locarno in order both to diminish French disappointment at the burial of the Protocol and to consolidate peace in a clearly defined portion of Europe. The Locarno agreements made Great Britain an impartial guarantor of the Franco-German boundary, and implicitly terminated the original anti-German significance of the Entente Cordiale. While, therefore, Locarno passed the French Chambers almost unanimously, it could not evoke the grateful enthusiasm of all parties which the British press seemed strangely to expect. To the French Right it signified a loosening of the bonds of the Entente, while to the French Left it appeared lacking in idealism and universality. Here, as elsewhere, the Tory policy relating directly or indirectly to Geneva, was fundamentally opposed to French policy, while its critics, judging its surface acts, denounced it as 'subservient' to France.

In March, 1926, Sir Austen was harshly described as nesting in M. Briand's pocket, because he lent his ear to the claims of Poland. The difference between the Foreign Secretary and his assailants in this case was that he had learned by

experience that there were new nations alive in the 'backyard of Europe' whose conscious importance and irrepressible vitality could not be ignored. The Polish candidature was 'invented', not by M. Briand but by geographical necessity. The fact that last September Poland was re-elected almost unanimously,\* and with the help of German and British votes, to another three years in the Council, would seem to suggest that in 1926 Chamberlain's sense of realities was surer than that of the bulk of his countrymen. One cannot forbear in passing to pay a tribute to the deep emotion and impressive sincerity with which he pleaded as if the very life of the League were in danger, on that distressing morning of March 17, 1926, when, after the German-Polish quarrel had been settled, the Brazilian bombshell shattered the last hope of the special Assembly.

At the ordinary Assembly of the following September, M. Loucheur, with the assent of his Government, expressed his conviction that with the temporary collapse of the Protocol, the way was blocked to immediate political advance, and that it would be the part of wisdom to divert men's energies for a time to the vast problems of economic reconstruction. Accordingly he proposed for 1927 a World Economic Conference. The Tories instinctively demurred to such grandiose ideas, but German and other Continentals rallied so heartily to Loucheur's support that his programme was adopted. Making the best of the situation, the British Government then wisely sent to Geneva the following May some of its own political opponents, Liberal economists like W. T. Layton, who brilliantly led the 'greater freedom of trade' tendency in the Commerce Committee. However, in the Industrial Committee true Tories took a staunchly negative stand in the matter especially of international cartels. When the Conference had terminated its apparently successful deliberations, and Frenchmen, Germans, and International Labour wished to consecrate and perpetuate this achievement by the creation of a powerful, permanent Economic Organization of the League, the 'everlasting no' rang out once more, and the practical veto of the strongest industrial and financial State Member of the League reduced the ambitious scheme to the modest proportions of the Permanent Consultative Economic Committee which was to meet annually in Geneva, but which certainly could not threaten economic nationalism and isolationism with effective international control. So much for the economic aspects of League effort.

In the intricate, perplexing, and inconclusive discussions on Disarmament, the Tory Government appeared not bellicose but so extremely conservative that Lord Robert Cecil felt constrained to part company with them. However, on this issue all the Western Powers have been conservative, and it is difficult to foresee any thoroughgoing disarmament except in so far as the political, legal, and economic organs of the League at Geneva and

The Hague grow in prestige, influence, authority, and finally in regulating capacity.

Nor did the Tories smile, if they did not frown, upon the quieter manifestations of League vitality such as social reform or 'intellectual co-operation'. 'What is intellectual co-operation?' queried Sir Austen with gentle scepticism. His Government made no contribution to the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation whose establishment in Paris had been sanctioned by the League, and to whose upkeep France contributes substantially, and 14 other nations slightly, in order to indicate their moral support. Nevertheless, before his disappearance from the international scene, Sir Austen had favoured the formation in Britain of a National Committee to collaborate with the League Committee of Intellectual Co-operation, on which Professor Gilbert Murray, a Liberal in politics, has always been a most effective member, and of which he has recently become chairman.

As for the other unsensational activities of the League, the Conservative Government's attitude is suggested in a clear though somewhat ludicrous manner by Albert Thomas' retort to the Duchess of Atholl, in the Committee on Refugees. The Tory peeress had been revelling in such absolute negotiations and denials that the Director of the Labour Office declared jovially that she would be known to fame no longer as *la duchesse d'Atoll*, mais comme *la duchesse de Not-at-all*.

For the Labour Office itself the late British Government never displayed a demonstrative friendship. It blocked the ratification of the Washington Eight-Hours' Convention of 1919 on one pretext or another for nearly a decade. In less conspicuous fields it could likewise be counted upon to restrain all rapidity of movement. It sought constantly to deny or diminish the competence of the Organization with regard to workers' housing, emigration, professional workers, and the regulation of work in the Merchant Marine. In 1928 it sponsored a determined onslaught upon the budget of the Office in particular and of the League in general. Its specious proposals for stabilization would have meant in effect strangulation, as such a young organism must obviously grow or perish.

As we have already observed, in practically all these spheres of action Tory policy was opposed to the French policy pursued at Geneva even under Poincaré; and the popular misconceptions on this subject which prevail in England must be attributed to the incidental and partial compensations which the British rulers granted their French colleagues for their refusal to endorse too far-reaching French programmes like the Protocol of 1924. Chamberlain's moral defeat in the general elections was due unhappily not so much to Birmingham's love of the League as to the mistaken notion that its distinguished citizen was an instrument of the Quai d'Orsay, and that his gallant but unlucky phrase, 'I love France as a woman,' confessed a real sentimental attachment to Marianne which conflicted with his exclusive devotion to John Bull. Leaving the disarmament problem on one side, we may sum up truly enough by saying that since Herriot's

\*50 votes out of 53,—a record. The experience of the last three years had shown that nearly every discussion in the Council which involved Germany, involved Poland also.



accession to power through the elections of May, 1924, French policy in the assemblies, conferences, and committees of Geneva, even during the premiership of M. Poincaré, has been mainly positive, while during their four years of office the Tories' policy

toward the League was mainly negative. If in the Assembly M. Briand was sometimes reduced to practising very eloquently the Coué Method, it was because the all-inclusive Protocol had been vetoed by his friend, Sir Austen.

## THE FOREST PANORAMA

BY E. NEWTON-WHITE

IN the language of the North Country we were 'making land,' but to avoid misunderstanding it should be admitted that the land was made many ages before we commenced operations. What we were doing was removing merely the vegetable material which had accumulated on the surface in the last few centuries. In other words we were hacking a farm out of the woods.

We used to climb to the top of a nearby rock-ridge when we got too entirely fed up with our little forest-walled-in clearing down in the thick spruce and tamarac tangle, and take a half-holiday. That fed-up feeling would come once in a while, in spite of pioneer enthusiasm, usually after a spell of hot, oppressive thunder weather, when the blackflies and mosquitos had been unusually bloodthirsty, and when the air seemed to get so thick with the reek of steaming moss, rotten wood, and wet ashes, mingled with the odours of resinous forest in growth, and dank underbrush—that it would not penetrate our windpipes further than a point somewhere behind the collarbone.

Sometimes the urge simply came from a desire to see a distant sky-line; and let me tell you that no experience of the best planned and farthest bounded vacation could ever, I think, yield one such thrill as that we got, after the struggle through the mile or two of trailless bush, and the scramble up the broken slopes, when we sat and drank in the breeze, and let eyes that had acquired a fixed focus habit of short range, reach out to a blue distance.

I can feel it as though it were happening now—that wind blowing into an open shirt collar, and through gum, sweat, and charcoal-stiffened overalls. It soothed throbbing temples and that burning itching fever behind the ears, where the blackflies had bit and battered.

The foreground was apparently unbroken forest; but being in reality a group of townships in process of opening up for agricultural settlement, contained many clearings of varying size. Some were invisible, and others were distinguishable only to accustomed observation—the woodsman's 'eye.' The particular clearing to which we belonged, the extension and consolidation of which constituted our sole aim and purpose in life—from which this was one of our periodic defaults—was plainly visible.

That illusion of continuous woodland was not new to us. We could remember a far more deceiving scene back in old Sussex, across the seas. There, there were low hills overlooking 'The Wild,' from which appeared a forest as dense as that the South Saxons looked over centuries ago, yet which

was nothing more than the scattered trees in the hedgerows and the copses. The reason was that the fields were small, and the trees tall and spreading.

Now, up North, whenever there came two or three dry days together, every real live settler got busy burning—something. A pile of logs or stumps would burn almost anytime. A little drier and surface litter and slash could be started. Drier still, the ground—moss and peat—even the soil under the green forest itself would burn. So, wherever anything was going on, a smoke rose up; and knowing the country like a book, we could interpret the meaning of almost every smudge on the landscape.

There was Joe cleaning up land; there—Frank. Over there was Robinson's gang, chopping out the road past Connor's and Stewart's places. That big smoke must be the new people down the river burning the fallow they chopped in the early Spring.

If it were very dry the smokes had a different appearance and color, and covered more ground. That big copper and black cloud meant that the fire had got into the big slash the E. & F. Company made last Winter over in Telfer Township. Garfield has a fire working in the ground in his clearance back of the Townsite. They might have an interesting time in the village to-morrow if the wind were to swing round to the south.

Any dry time, then, were it after three days or three months fine spell, there was a smoke wherever there was any activity. Bush fires started along the railroad tracks; along every road-cutting operation. A settler was never without a fire of some description; fire inevitably got into the slash of every logging operation. Even the river-drivers, at their wet-footed task down in the damp, deep river gullies, started careless fires up on the dry hillsides. From our vantage point, if we looked over a part of the landscape without an ascending smoke—whether it was a piece of the dimensions of a township, or only a quarter section—it could be taken for granted that the lot was vacant or the area not yet opened up.

Not all the smokes were from land clearing, or the bush burning up. Some were from saw-milling and pulpwood robbing and shipping plants. Some, undoubtedly, were from freight trains hauling forest products away to the markets of the Continent.

This was the scene a number of years ago. It is all changed now. I could take you to that same old rock in a dry time and we might never see a smoke unless it were in the far distance; or a train smoke, of course. There is little left to burn; or anything in the way of timber to manufacture!

Looking back, it is plain that there could be but one inevitable result to those little smudges rising up continuously; yet we sat there then and never realized. Little difference would those puny operations and small fires make for years and years. At our work in the shut-in clearance we heard of big clearing, big lumbering operations going on in the neighbourhood. We saw the signs of big fires; we experienced apparently large fires. Yet we could go back to the rock afterwards and scarcely see a sign of it all. Except for a brown gap here and there, or the long gash of a roadway, it seemed the same unbroken forest. And today there is not a timber tree in the whole foreground; and the farmers have a fuel problem!

Nor is all the forest-denuded land in sight in cultivation. Not more than a small fraction. Much is naked rock. Much will never make farming land, and there is a lot that will not be called upon for many, many years unless great and as yet unforeseen developments occur in the agricultural line.

\* \* \*

Let me get my parable unfolded; untangled would it be better said? I am thinking of the forest fire happenings of the past Summer. The Canadian forest landscape has been dotted with smokes almost from Coast to Coast, and since the early Spring—hundreds and hundreds of them. Locally, and for those in their path, some would have been quite sizable fires no doubt; but still comparatively insignificant smudges on the great forest areas. This Fall and Winter, the woods operations of the great timber industry will crash, as usual, through its thousands of square miles of mature and immature timber; and will produce the thousands of millions of cubic feet of Canada's annual cut. Business as usual! And yet, and for all, there will still apparently be the Canadian Forests, and Canada's forest resources to boast of.

Public Opinion's viewpoint of the situation is like ours from the rock-ridge: it is high enough for a view over but not down into. It has an inspiring view; it sees the forest lands as the source of beautiful travel, of good sport, of fine occupations, of national wealth. It hears and knows of great operations, new developments, great fires and insect ravages. It should know that these combined influences have been at work, on the forest landscape before it, ever since development began; but looking over, there appears to be the same great forest domain as ever.

Had flying been general in the days of our trips to the rocks, and we could have had a few minutes flight at a good height over our neighbourhood, we should probably have realized in exactly that length of time something of what was happening. And that seems to be the trouble with the Canadian attitude to the national forests. We look over—operations continue, and steadily increase; new sections are always opening up; great fires occur over and over again. The scene of exploitation and destruction changes a little, to be sure, but still, when the smoke clears and we look over and away—there is apparently the forest, just scarred. Were we able to look down and into it, our forest policy and the future of our forest resources might be radically changed.

Within that seemingly unbroken expanse of forest of the popular conception there lie the scenes of the terrific onslaughts of the timber industries—nearly three thousand millions of cubic feet cut annually now, and increasing year by year. Out of it has come the tremendous total of all forest exploitation since Canada was Canada. Somewhere in its green vista lie the five million acres desolated in the one year of 1923, the millions and millions of acres swept in other disastrous years of forest history; the sum total of all the fire occurrences of 1929; the enormous burns of remote days in remote regions of which no recognition is usually made or official chronicle exists.

There are many things so convenient to think of in a certain way, that we simply think them that way. Because of this we have a myth—it has sometimes been fostered by those who had no such illusion—that Nature is so long-suffering where forests are concerned, she will take and forgive all the abuse we heap upon her, and herself tend and heal every wound our carelessness inflicts. We like to think that, although we cull her masterpieces of botanic effort—the mature forest trees—with ruthless action that takes no regard of the laws of life and reproduction, she will mechanically respond with replacement of equal value. We like to think that the scars of fire ravage are but of temporary duration; that careless cutting and destructive burning merely take time to remedy.

And we are right in the last—it just takes time. But in our vague notions of what that time may be, we are out of all line. A pine tree may be commercially mature at a hundred years; but the pinery we cut to-day by haphazard lumbering may not produce another commercial pine stand before a thousand years has passed. We now have areas burned over so long ago that ample time has been allowed, in theory, to have growing thereon merchantable stands of timber, but which are still centuries away from such a condition. Nature is healing her wounds, truly, but only by the slow processes possible to her. The restoration of the soil alone may take hundreds of years, just in preparation for the ultimate crop still to grow.

Do not be deceived by talk of the recuperative powers of Nature. The effects of all our past and present forest neglect and carelessness is fully present somewhere in our forest landscape, even though it is not apparent to the casual eye. Do not be deceived by claims that true forest conservation policies are actually being, or in way of being, put into operation: a revolution in forest industrial practice must come first. Do not believe that mere mechanical suppression of fire, in fire protection—however highly developed by science and unlimited funds—can take the place of a radical change of public attitude to the forests; or that the decrease in fire loss of the last few years was due to anything so much as favourable weather conditions. What happened last Summer? What would have happened had the drought continued until snowfall? Do not accept the shiftless doctrine that artificial planting can take the place of true forest culture in forest economy. Planting, by utmost effort, could produce but a fraction of the total require-

ments of the forest industries of Canada as they exist to-day.

Perceive that the only places where smoke is not rising and where the visual impression of unbroken forest is not an optical illusion, is where no development is going on. And that, I'll say, is not conservation!

There can be but one result if we keep on as we are going. The public will one day climb its rock-ridge, on a periodic escape from its own individual concerns, and, without warning, be surprised by an empty panorama. No burning, to be sure, but neither anything to burn. No industrial smokes of a forest origin.

Down on the flats on returning, it will be to a new complication in national life, the problem of readjustment to the loss of a great basic industry. There will be scrapping of many towns and manufacturing plants, and much technical skill. Great water powers, harnessed at the expenditure of millions of dollars running away unused. A great unemployment. A timber famine.

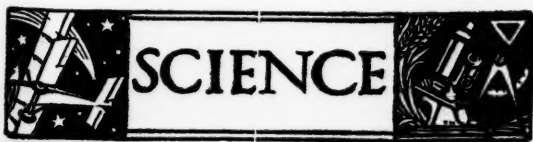
The day is not so far distant unless—

## A VALENTINE

Pygmalion made his Galatea beautiful,  
And loved the beauty he himself had fashioned.  
Bachelor-king till then, he grew so pitiful,  
Clasped the cold stone so helplessly impassioned,  
That Aphrodite gave the statue life,  
And he was glad and took her for his wife.

Thereafter, I believe, yet more amazed at her—  
Knowing the virtue of her human worth  
That filled the palace courts with love—he gazed  
at her,  
Oblivious of the miracle of her birth;  
Even as I, learning you more and more,  
See and am speechless, clasp you and adore.

JOHN LINNELL.



## A PLURALISTIC METAPHYSIC

MR. JOAD outlines his philosophical creed and confesses to the influences that have moulded his thought. In his new book,\* which is a well-wrought piece of constructive metaphysics, he elaborates the argument of his earlier sketch, and pays further tribute to the thinkers of different schools who have guided his feet along the dangerous highway of speculation. Not that his tribute is one of mere imitation and flattery; as becomes an enterprising philosopher he is boldly critical, and he announces in no uncertain terms

wherein his philosophy departs from the great currents of metaphysical thought.

At the outset he proclaims himself as uncompromisingly opposed to all monistic schemes, whether materialistic, idealistic, vitalistic, or neutral. He feels no urge to regard the Universe as One. It is at least Three, and not Three in One at that. Brought up in the chaste atmosphere of Platonic Idealism, he early escaped into the unclean world of a naive materialistic realism. He is still a realist in part, but of the more sophisticated kind made familiar to us by Mr. Bertrand Russell. Matter, whether considered as the 'pushy' grossness of nineteenth century science, or the more tenuous network of electric charges of twentieth century physics, or as the mere sense data of the neo-realist, is a fundamental entity other than the knowing mind. He is prepared to go some way with Mr. Russell, but not to the point of accepting a world of neutral stuff where the knower and the known are one and the same but in different contexts.

There is a second fundamental entity, 'Life,' an activity which can permeate and interact with matter, and which is broken up by this interaction into monads somewhat as water is dashed into spray by its impact with the shore, or as the channel of a stream is subdivided by obstacles. The analogy of wireless waves or the electric current is a better symbol of the permeation of matter by life. The monads work out their destiny, or evolve, by wrestling with the inertia of matter, shaping it to the ends and purposes of Life, and attaining to an ever broader and deeper 'awareness.'

This is the vitalistic phase of Mr. Joad's metaphysic and the hands of Schopenhauer and Bergson are with him in most of it. But Mr. Joad is not content with a vitalistic monism. The process of evolution is not its own end; it must have an end other than itself. He is quick to perceive the futility and pessimism of a pure vitalism with no goal beyond itself to which the evolutionary process may lead, and he skilfully steers us towards a haven. Life advancing by emergence passes from awareness of matter to awareness of subsistent objects, and thence to awareness of objects of value in aesthetic and ethical experience. Value thus becomes the third fundamental for a satisfying account of the world of experience. Moreover this value is no mere creation of the discerning mind, but a realm of being eternal and immutable, discovered by the evolving life force. It is the unchangeable aspect of reality towards which the realm of becoming unceasingly strives.

Here Mr. Joad returns to his Platonism, and the light of his early upbringing shines forth like a beacon above the dark, restless waters of his tempestuous vitalism. The goal of evolution is the attainment by life of complete emancipation from matter, and the perfect, direct, and untroubled contemplation of value as truth, goodness, and beauty.

Such in brief, is the substance of Mr. Joad's metaphysic. The argument is developed, sometimes with tiresome repetition, often with poetic flights, but always with critical acumen and cleverly marshalled resources.

\*MATTER, LIFE, AND VALUE, by C. E. M. Joad (Oxford University Press; *Contemporary British Philosophy*; pp. 416; \$5.00).



One of the great problems of all pluralistic philosophies is that of relationship or interaction of the separate entities. Mr. Joad faces this problem in his discussion of knowledge, and reduces the relationship of life to matter as one of 'awareness.' This is unique and can be resolved no farther. Mind is an aspect of life's activity. There are no mental existents or contents, only mental acts which reveal by discovery the constituents of the external world. In perception the awareness is of sense data; in thinking, it is of subsistent objects with which the universe is crowded. The apparent complexity of mental life is really in the external world. The world of physical objects is but a small selection of manifestations in matter of the innumerable host of subsistent objects.

The interaction of life and matter in the living organism is another phase of this general problem of relationship, and Mr. Joad admits there is no prospect of solving it, that is of understanding how a non-material entity can read with a material one. He simply defines life as that which, while non-material itself, possesses the capacity of entering into relationship with the material. In other words, he boldly cuts the knot and marches bravely on his way. One can imagine the whole brood of monists wringing their hands at such violence, but it is written, 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Moreover there is no greater difficulty involved in thus 'crashing the gate,' than there is in trying to wheedle from a timeless Absolute, or an undifferentiated *élan vital* the multitudinous and varied phenomena of actual experience.

The treatment of knowledge as awareness of either sense data or subsistent objects leads to some suggestive criticism of reasoning and the principle of induction, with the conclusion that the basis of both logic and science is irrational 'in the sense that no grounds can be given for belief in the validity of reasoning or in the order of nature.' 'The principle of induction and the law of cause and effect cannot be used to establish their own validity, and we are reduced to intuitive apprehension, which is unanalysable and indefensible.'

In considering the instruments devised by life to procure progress of the individual monads (which are eventually re-absorbed into the stream of life), Mr. Joad holds that the genius is designed to give conscious expressions to life's instinctive purpose, and is the mouthpiece of a message that transcends him. The message, first put in the mouths of prophet and seer, becomes embodied in drama and literature. Poetry is essentially didactic and clothes the prophetic ideas in beautiful and engaging forms. The emotions aroused by poetry are mostly identical with those stimulated by events in actual life, while the aesthetic emotion due to the contemplation of pure art is unique. Poetry is thus to be differentiated from music, painting, or any form of pure art. Pure art, especially typified by music in its more advanced forms, is meaningless, intellectually speaking, and evokes only aesthetic emotion.

This theme is further developed in a study of the relations of life to the world of value or pure being.

Here aesthetic is treated as the awareness of goodness. Subjective theories of beauty are examined and rejected, and beauty is declared to have an objective status quite independent of human judgment. An exhaustive discussion of music as the reproduction in a material medium of patterns or combinations of the world of value is used to illustrate the argument, and the idea is extended to art as a whole. The artist himself is regarded as an evolutionary mutation in whom life has emerged at the level of apprehension of 'significant form,' which is a manifestation of the world of value.

Like aesthetic experience, the ethical experience or awareness of goodness is unique and reveals a world of value, between which and the world of life or becoming, a great gulf is fixed. The world of being does not ingress into, or give qualities to the world of becoming. It is the far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves, but at which it never arrives. Life never merges into being; it beholds it from afar, at first dimly mirrored and distorted in the turbid flow of events, but finally in all its crystal purity on the lofty mountain peaks of Eternity.

There is something attractively mediaeval in Mr. Joad's ethical and aesthetic philosophy that by comparison with the windiness of some other modern philosophizing is as the flavour of an old still wine to the flatulent exhilarativeness of champagne.

STEWART BASTERFIELD.



## II.

D. H. LAWRENCE

'A H luv thee, . . . But dunna ax nowt . . . let me be'. This is really Mr. D. H. Lawrence's last word—the first and the last word indeed of all that he has to say about love, though he has written so often and with such a wealth of words about it. And now more urgently than ever in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, and in his recent volume of poems, *Pansies*, he cries out to us again volubly, vociferously to be quiet about it, to let it alone, to keep love separate from the defiling touch of the mind:—

From all the mental poetry  
of deliberate love-making,  
from all the false felicity  
of deliberately taking  
the body of another unto mine,  
O God deliver me!  
leave me alone, let me be!

That is the theme of half the poems, and in the novel it is developed further and dramatized to show on the one side a group of people, characteristic of the 'mind-mischievous age' talking about sex and love:—

gay and amusing together, and free  
from airs and from false modesty.

and on the other side in splendid contrast the full complete experience of the mystery of 'touch coming' and 'the soft, slow sympathy of the blood', when there is no more fussing and nothing more to be said—only those tones in the 'deep-mouthed slurring of the dialect':—

Ah luv thee . . . but dunna ax nowt . . . let me be.

It is rather a strange cure that is here suggested for the disease of consciousness—to separate life sharply, definitely into two halves, and to say—here let there be cerebral activity, in talking and thinking, but here in the other half let there be only unconscious activity, dumb, dark, and terribly mysterious. And it is perhaps this very division which disturbs us constantly in Mr. Lawrence's work. Now he is the novelist with a definite intention 'to inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and . . . lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead'. For he believes that the novel, properly handled, can reveal the most secret places of life, and by this revelation he can hardly help quite definitely extending the range of human consciousness, cerebral as well as sympathetic. But he is also the romantic mystic, continually declaring the glory and the mystery of life that is instinctive and unconscious, and not spoilt and degraded by the influence of the mind.

He would tell us of course that these are the two sides of his being, 'the white mind shines on one side but the other side is dark for ever':—

Man is an alternating consciousness.

Only that exists which exists in my own consciousness.

*Cogito, ergo sum.*

Only that exists which exists dynamically and unmentalised, in my blood.

*Non cogito, ergo sum.*

But the real problem for him as an artist remains, since he cannot leave half of himself unexpressed. How can he reveal this darkness, or write about this unconscious life without in that very act destroying it? It is not surprising that he has recently tried to use another medium; but not paint, perhaps only music could give him what he needs.

Or is it after all impossible for him to fall back upon poetry? It has always been clear from the beginning, in the early poems and novels, too, that he possessed that rare creative power of the true poet who is able to take the ordinary stuff of language and shape it to his use, so that it does become an adequate means of conveying directly to us—at any rate in part—the passions and the feelings that moved him to utterance, rather than some thing merely thought and conceived in the mind. And it is perhaps because of his ability to do this in what is after all a traditional manner that he is not tempted like some younger writers to hazardous experiments with entirely new forms of language. The first impression indeed produced by this volume, *Pansies*, is one of surprise at its simplicity and directness, its appearance of ease and spontaneity. The mood changes constantly; he is explosive and silly, amusing and annoying, rather weary often, but sometimes splendid with the old magnificence.

There is fairly successful doggerel, which is

certainly nothing but cerebral activity, and not at high pressure:—

In Nottingham, that dismal town  
where I went to school and college,  
they've built a new university  
for a new dispensation of knowledge.

Built it most grand and cakeily  
out of the noble loot  
derived from shrewd cash-chemistry  
by good Sir Jesse Boot.

and there is simple lyric beauty, where the whole quality of life at a single moment is intensely felt, and caught in a little loop of words:—

Desire may be dead  
and still a man can be  
a meeting place for sun and rain,  
wonder outwaiting pain  
as in a wintry tree.

and there is the working of a strong, powerful imagination, as in *Fidelity*, where we do not feel that we are shut up in one half of the poet's alternating consciousness, and where he has ceased to mock at the 'lordly mind', and is content to give it its full chance to gather up all the richest experience of the whole being, and by that act which is neither conscious nor unconscious alone, neither cerebral nor intuitive alone, to change them into poetry.

And man and woman are like the earth, that brings  
forth flowers  
in summer, and love, but underneath is rock.  
Older than flowers, older than ferns, older than  
foraminiferae  
older than plasm altogether is the soul of a man under-  
neath.

And when, throughout all the wild orgasms of love  
slowly a gem forms, in the ancient, once-more-molten  
rocks  
of two human hearts, two ancient rocks, a man's heart  
and a woman's,  
that is the crystal of peace, the slow hard jewel of trust,  
the sapphire of fidelity.  
The gem of mutual peace emerging from the wild chaos  
of love.

H. J. DAVIS.

## FROM OSLER STREET

From Osler Street to Hudson's Bay

A merry letter came

To glad my heart the livelong day

Signed 'Love', and then—your name.

So now, like to an Arctic owl

Lost in a tropic glare,

Strange words I babble as I stroll,

And like an owl do stare.

For by this far subarctic sea

Where Winter holds domain,

And North winds blow relentlessly,

You sought me out again.

And when a letter comes from you,

Though snows are on the ground,

The leaden skies turn summer-blue

And roses blow around.

GEORGE WALTON.

## SCHOOLING

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

'COME on, dad, it's time to go.'  
 'It ain't near time.'  
 'It's time to go for the girls. We can't miss the train.'

'I ain't said I was a-goin' yet. You got no business to drag me out such a day. It's 'way below zero.'

'It's just zero, dad,' answered Christine patiently. She stood in her coat and knitted cap beside the kitchen table packing a large basket with loaves of bread, potatoes and turnips wrapped in newspaper, a slab of frozen beef in a red-fringed napkin and a tin pail of milk. Two white-haired little boys in darned sweaters watched the packing with jealous intensity.

You got more'n your share o' bread,' declared the older sharply. 'We run out last week. I guess you don't care if we starve.'

'Don't be silly,' responded his sister briskly. 'I baked an extra loaf yesterday. You've got enough. Besides it wouldn't hurt Maggie to bake a little to help out.'

The younger girl tossed her head angrily.

'I guess I'm about through bein' the goat around here,' she snapped. 'I don't have to keep house for this family forever all by myself, Chris Magee, just so you can go to high school an' show off. It's time you ran this place awhile. You're the oldest.'

Christine tucked a towel over the top of the basket and pulled on her coarse gray mittens.

'Don't take on now,' she advised, in a voice flat with the echo of many repetitions. 'You know I'll be through next year and when I'm teaching I can help you all. Everything will be all right when I get to teaching. You better use up the apples, Maggie, they're frosted, and don't forget the warm stuff for the pigs. Dad don't remember.'

Her father had relapsed into a comfortable doze on his broken-backed sofa behind the stove. From beneath the edge of the brown horse blanket which covered him, his face appeared sodden and scarlet, the lips puffing out and collapsing in an audible rhythm.

'Dad, come on. It's time.'

He groaned and moved his knees awkwardly.

'Aw, I can't go. My rheumatiz's worse. The kids'll drive ye.'

'No, they can't. It'll be dark coming home. Here's your coat.'

'You better stay here tonight. It'll be a storm yet. It ain't safe to go out. 'Sides it's Sunday.'

'Come on, dad. The horses'll freeze. I've got your coat warmed up. Come on!'

'Ye ain't got them horses out all this time! Chris, you ain't got no mercy on them dumb beasts. What'd ye get 'em out for?'

'So you wouldn't have to. Dad, please come.'

He sighed heavily and turned over on the creaking springs.

'You better put 'em back. I don't feel like I could go.'

Christine bent over the couch and took her father firmly by the shoulder.

'Dad,' she whispered, 'if you come right away, I'll give you something.'

'What?'

'Half a dollar.'

'Honest?'

'Don't I always do what I say?'

He heaved himself up on one hand and swayed slowly to his feet.

'All right. Where's my coat?'

She shook it quickly over his slack arms and handed him his coon cap and knitted mittens.

'Come on. Goodbye, children.'

The younger boy ran suddenly to her and hid his face against her rough coat.

'Aw gee, Chris, I wish you wouldn't go. Mag's so cross.'

'There now, honey, it won't be long till Saturday. I'll bring you a lolly-pop. Dad!'

'Where's my money?' demanded the old man.

'I'll give it to you at the station.'

She steered him out into the gray winter afternoon, carrying the heavy basket on one arm and pressing three school books against her breast with her free hand.

'And dad,' she urged as they crossed the deeply-tracked snow to the barn, 'spend it on the children. Get them some cocoa or Tom some stockings.'

'Look a' here, I get that half a dollar with no strings to it or I don't go.'

Christine untied the horses and climbed on to the seat of the wagon box which had been mounted on runners. She slapped the reins and the two horses lurched heavily down the lane, where snow was banked high over the fences on each side and wind-scooped to a narrow valley in the centre. The old man wrapped himself in the only blanket and sank into a doze while his daughter urged the team along the buried road toward Hirschfeld's.

\* \* \*

On Sunday the Hirschfelds always had an early supper. Usually their cousins, the Hoffmans, came over from Walkerville or the Lutheran minister and his wife and their five children happened to call just at supper time and were prevailed upon to stay and taste the apple cake, but today the snow had kept away guests. A base burner with its row of flaming scarlet eyes towered at one end of the great kitchen and the brightly polished coal range bestrode the other, its top a mosaic of large and small saucepans. At the long table spread with its blue and white checkered cloth sat the sons and daughters of the family with Mrs. Hirschfeld pouring coffee at the foot. A thick omelet on a blue platter was hedged round by plates of sliced bologna sausage and head-cheese, a bowl of fried potatoes and three pumpkin pies.

'Here, Gretchen, you ain't touched the raisin cake yet,' cried the mother anxiously. 'You ain't et a crumb hardly.' She cast an involuntary glance toward the door.

'It can't be she'll come for Gretchen today,' Aunt Nina said reassuringly, as she cut into one of the pies.



'Here, Gretchen, honey, eat this. Even Christine won't start out to no high school in such a cold.'

Gretchen munched a tart glumly.

'I bet she'll come,' she muttered. 'She don't stop for anything.'

'Well, we should just tell her you can't go, shouldn't we, pa? Gretchen'll catch her death goin' on the train tonight. I can't sleep for thinkin' of her off in that room away from home with cold victuals and nobody to do for her. For the winter she should give up that business.'

'Christine won't let me,' sighed Gretchen.

'It's a shame, ain't it, pa? Christine don't run this family.'

Mr. Hirschfeld attacked the head-cheese. He made it a principle never to interfere in the women's affairs.

There was a sudden loud knock at the door. Through the startled hush came a muffled voice.

'Is Gretchen ready? It's time to go.'

Gretchen's abduction was quickly accomplished. Christine and Mrs. Hirschfeld faced each other defiantly across the snowy threshold but precedent had paved the way for Christine's victory. The mother retreated grumbling. From the pantry she produced a basket twice as large and heavy as Christine's, a token of her foreknown defeat. Gretchen was bundled in half a dozen sweaters and scarves under her brown coat. Aunt Nina pressed upon her an extra blanket and a jug of hot water for her feet.

'It's awful cold. Christine, you'll freeze our girl. Better she should know nothing than go off from her home and live such a way,' accused Mrs. Hirschfeld at parting.

'She'll never be sorry to have her schooling,' answered Christine mechanically, lugging Gretchen's basket out to the waiting wagon. Her father was sleeping sideways in the seat.

'It's warm in the straw back there, Gretchen,' Christine said encouragingly. 'It doesn't feel so cold when you've been out a little bit.'

Gretchen sulked and Christine drove the horses out of the yard.

'I hope Myrtle's ready,' she murmured. It's nearly train time.'

\* \* \*

A pink light flowed from the lamp in the Foster's window, tinging the snow with colour. Myrtle was sitting under the new lamp shade she had made, the pink rays lighting up her fair hair and thin young face. Her crossed ankles were thrust forward on the green axminster carpet. Under the sheer blouse her breath came in little uneven sighs.

The rest of the family had been banished from the parlour by the presence there of the young man sitting bolt upright on the hair sofa, his big red hands tucked between his knees. The brown hair watered back from his narrow, brick-red forehead caught the light like a sheet of copper.

'You ain't goin' back tonight,' he said firmly. 'You'd ought to set your foot down. You ain't crazy about goin' to high school, are you?'

Myrtle smiled arch evasion. If he knew how she hated it there was no telling what he might say.

'Oh, I don't know,' she said. 'Course it's no fun livin' all in one room like that.'

'What use you got for all them studies, I'd like to know?' he demanded. 'It's all right for Christine if she's goin' to be a teacher, but you ain't goin' to be no teacher.'

'Oh, aren't I?' Myrtle giggled, swinging one foot. 'You don't know what I might do.'

'Well, you ain't cut out for no teacher. You don't need no schoolin'. Anyhow Christine's too bossy.'

'She's bossy all right. Gretchen and I only do what she says.'

'Well, you just ought to tell her—'

Rap-rap-rap!

'Oh!' cried Mrs. Foster from the kitchen.

Myrtle's smile stiffened.

'There she is.'

Christine stood in the doorway, her face under the knitted cap pinched and crimson with cold.

'Gretchen's waiting,' she said, staring straight at the young man. Myrtle hesitated, then went meekly into the hall.

The young man licked his lips but under Christine's stern look remained silent. Mrs. Foster brought out a basket of food and stood dabbing her eyes.

'Are you warm enough, Myrtle? Seems like I can't stand to see you go. The house ain't the same without you.'

Christine picked up the basket and led Myrtle to the road where the horses stamped in the snow.

The train was in when they reached the tiny country station. Gretchen and Myrtle climbed silently into the stuffy little coach while Christine brought the baskets.

'Can you get back all right, dad? Here's the money. See the boys keep the fire up.' The old man grunted and let her place the reins in his hand.

\* \* \*

Two hours later the girls were in Barton, the high school town. Their landlady was out, but Christine found the key under the mat. The room they shared was frigid. Christine threw off her coat and mittens and brought up wood from the supply which their fathers had contributed in the fall. Gretchen and Myrtle sat on the bed in their wraps till the fire burned up; then they undressed hastily and dived under the heavy woolen quilts. Christine slept on a backless couch against the wall. She spread her coat over it for extra warmth and lay stiff and aching on the uneven surface.

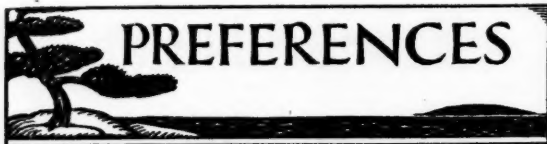
She woke from long habit at the stroke of six. The fire was out. The blanket under her chin was white with frozen moisture. She moved her chilled body and lifted herself a little to look at the bed. The two girls were asleep—Gretchen puffing in a comfortable dream, Myrtle smiling with one hand beneath her cheek. They looked like two sleeping babies. Christine shivered deeply, turning her face to the flaccid pillow. The bare, cold, shabby room with their baskets of food standing on the wobbly table, the calico corner curtain behind which hung their limp dresses—it was all too hideously familiar.

What was the use of it after all—dragging Myrtle and Gretchen through high school in this fashion, coercing her father and brothers and sister, working herself to death to keep the home going and do well in her classes and serving in the school lunch room to earn a little money for her share of the rent?

Why must she go on bearing this heavy, heavy burden? The thought of stepping out of bed onto the gritty floor, of making up the fire and frying potatoes on the top of the stove for their breakfast before they started to school was at the moment unbearable. She lay shivering, sick with despair.

The clock downstairs, always a little slow, struck six. One—two—three—four—five—six. Involuntarily Christine sat up. Time to start the fire—the stove was slow to pick up. Monday morning, too, was the time when they put their week's supply of food away in the landlady's store room. Another year of this crowded, makeshift life and then she would be teaching. A teacher. Able to help the children to an easier life than hers. She glanced at the two sleeping girls. If only she could pay the room-rent without them. But it couldn't be done. She needed them. They were pitiful, maybe, but she mustn't think of that. Schooling wouldn't hurt them. Only one more year. She ran across to the stove and began to poke down the ashes.

'Gretchen! Myrtle!' she called briskly, rattling the poker. 'Time to get up. You haven't got your Latin written out yet, Gretchen. Hurry and I'll help you with it.'



WHAT are we to do when a really notable book turns up? If we announce that it is no good we do it an injustice and possibly fool the gullible people who listen to what we say; and if we praise it we are sure to set some of the best people, the really critical people, against it. I have a friend—and so have you, no doubt—who is an expert student of literature and has a passion for impartiality, yet if I praise a book in his hearing and it happens to be one that he has not read, the game is up. He will denounce it, good or bad, and it may be months or years before he comes to the book without prejudice. The only way to pass a book on to him without giving it a black eye is to do it stealthily, by putting it where he will stumble over it accidentally or, if this cannot be worked, by pretending to be perplexed and in need of guidance whereupon he will in all probability read the troublesome volume for you and judge it like a Coleridge or a Sainte-Beuve. But you have to deceive him. Instead of talking man to man in the intellectual daylight, you have to act as if you were setting rat-traps in a dark cellar.

It is useless to condemn these people, you never know when you are guilty of the offence yourself. Or you very seldom know. It so happens that I caught myself in the act the other day and wonder how often I have been guilty without discovering it. The occasion was this new poem by Robert Bridges, *The Testament of Beauty*, which has just come from the Clarendon Press. No sooner was it out than the critics fell all over it, saying that 'there has been nothing like

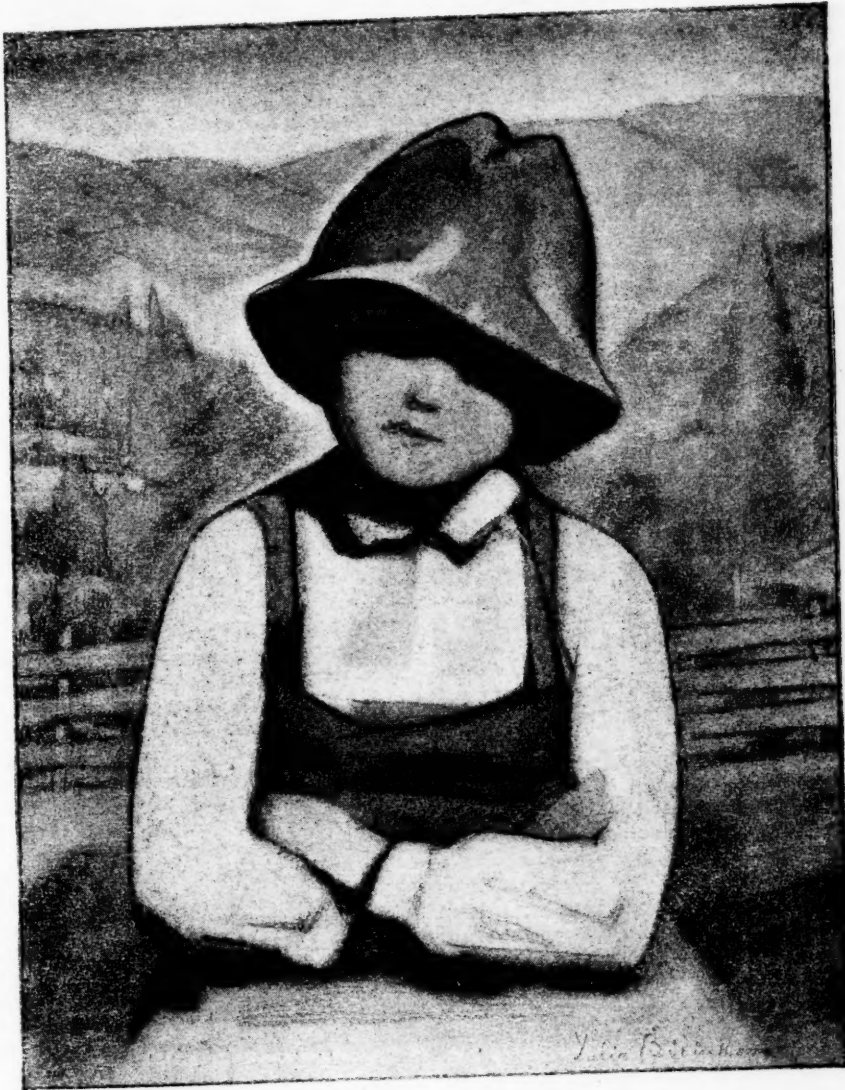
it since Lucretius'—whatever that may mean—or that 'it is the greatest poem since Wordsworth's *Prelude*' or that Bridges, never before a startling poet, has startled us at last by bringing out a masterpiece at eighty-five.

Ali this talk acted on me like an irritant. Either I was annoyed at the notion of Bridges finding himself at the eleventh hour, because for years I have delighted in him as a poet of rare spiritual beauty and am sure that he found himself long ago and is not the sort that succeeds by startling; or I was put off by the excessive claim that he was among the major English poets and must now sit at the head of the table instead of halfway down, where I think he belongs.

The result was that I began the poem—as I now see—in the spirit of a man looking for trouble and—as always happens—soon found what I wanted. I enjoyed the opening pages with their lovely descriptive interludes, but quickly lost my patience when I found that the professed argument was hard, if not impossible, to follow and that I was wandering in what seemed to be a maze of dry argumentation about individuality and communism and war and sex and what not, with the result that the less I liked the poem the faster I read it till I reached the bitter end and breathed freely at last. 'This,' I said to myself firmly, 'is a very much overrated work, the author has attempted more than he is equal to, his poetic endowment is too slender, the only thing to do is to pick out the purple patches—or should it be mauve in this case—and let the rest go!' I said this with strong conviction.

But—and this is the curious thing, the recovery does not usually come so quickly—no sooner had I finished than I found myself beginning at the beginning again and reading now with a new power of appreciation. As I went on the dull passages dwindled and dwindled and the good passages stretched and stretched till I finally gave in and read every page with delight and, when I got to the end, at once began a third reading. I now keep the book by me to browse in and have not yet lent it to anyone.

An experience like this is worth recording and may even be more valuable than a reviewer's praise or blame. It is not every long poem that can bring you back to it at the very moment when you have read it all and just decided that you have done with it, and if it can perform this feat upon one reader it may perform it upon many. It seems to me now that in this poem Bridges has done exactly what he should have done at his age and with his training and experience. He has chosen a comprehensive philosophical argument and he justifies it, not because he is a good philosopher but because he needed to empty his mind and there is nothing like a philosophical argument for giving you the freedom of the universe and letting you talk on any and every subject. *The Testament of Beauty* is not a great philosophical poem, its main headings such as Selfhood and Breed are very unsatisfactory and raise expectations which are not fulfilled; but it is, as the title says, a 'testament', a personal bequest, a poet's spiritual autobiography. Everything that Robert Bridges has to say he says here; a day on the English downs in June, a cathedral



IN THE COUNTRY  
DRAWING BY YULIA BIRIUKOVA



service, Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, bees in a college garden, a Bach prelude, November ploughing, St. Francis, the Sphinx and the Pyramids, birds flying or singing, a crowd at a football match, the engine-room of a power-house, the clouds, the stars—all that an old poet has kept for himself from a long life of observing, reading, reflecting finds its way easily into this sinuous, lounging poem and is at home there.

And although the poem fails in its professed argument it succeeds in the argument which it does not profess. The faith of Robert Bridges is that expressed in the oldest continuous tradition of cultured English poetry—the tradition of Christian Platonism which came in with Spenser and the Renaissance and is still alive today in this aged Laureate. The real philosophy of the poem—its unspoken argument—is that the noisy modern world of aeroplanes, electric light, radio, atoms, bacilli, and relativity can be as readily subdued to this

indomitable Platonism as all the colour and pagan energy of the Renaissance. It is the poem's peculiar triumph that it demonstrates this and to me it is truly magnificent to see this old ideal serenely imposing its incorruptible beauty on the ugly confusion of today, like the 'imponderable fragrance' of the 'window-jasmin'

that from her starry cap  
of red-stemm'd ivory invadeth my being,  
as she floateth it forth, and wantoning unabash'd  
asserteth her idea in the omnipotent blaze  
of the tormented sun-ball.

This is not among those greatest poems which bring new vision to the world, its sole purpose is to re-affirm an old vision. But it re-affirms it unfalteringly and with a great wealth of association because Bridges is the living embodiment of it and has only to open his mouth and speak and the old vision is there.

INCONSTANT READER.

## AS TO FINE WRITING

BY EDWARD ORMEROD

**I**T is an interesting and at times a surprising matter to observe the published opinions of contemporary writers with regard to that thing we refer to as 'fine writing'.

I have been watching to see whether I might trip up someone in the act of indulging in fine writing when expressing his opposition to it—in the manner of the teacher who warned her students: 'Never use a preposition to end a sentence with!'—but so far with little success.

In a recent magazine article, a writer of considerable note states complacently and dogmatically that the day of fine writing has passed.

God forbid! If current literature can produce nothing better than the 'action story' *per se* then have we indeed fallen upon evil days! As a desert traveler might turn with gladdened eyes and lifting heart from the monotony of line and colour of the endless sands to the green promise of an oasis, so may one lay down the last-minute, pulp-paper, front-position 'Western' to take up relievedly something like this:—

There is a beauty of calm lake, of waving wood, and silent, watching star that speaks to the soul in deep mysterious whisperings of the lofty and the true; but there is no earthly thing that sweeps through the soul such a swelling tide of holy influence as the gentle, fragrant life of the pure in heart!

I do not know who wrote the 'Western'—the quotation is from the pen of a statesman, a bit of really 'fine' writing.

Frank Channing Haddock, psychologist extraordinary, possessor of an amazing literary fecundity, in the midst of a book of so fiercely practical a character as to make the reader blink as he is smitten right in the eye again and again with the militant procession of dynamic statements, takes time to describe the gathering and development of a summer storm in the heavens—as delightful a piece of fine writing as one could wish. It comes upon one in the reading of the book as does a quarter-hour rest in the midst

of the prosecution of some sweat-compelling labour.

Is it by chance desired in this widespread disparagement of fine writing to discourage merely a straining after effect, or the preparation of the mere 'blah' which sometimes finds its way into print? If so, the propaganda—for it seems almost that—may have our endorsement.

Fine writing, the genuine, is an outcropping of radiant personality in literary form. It is the artistic triumph of unseen mechanics. It is such an effect as might follow when Heifetz, all alone somewhere, with eyes closed, touches that magic bow to the fiddle tucked beneath his chin. Let's not discourage it. Let's cherish it, rather.

I have suggested somewhere that fine writing is the fruit of inspiration. Great events compel it. Noble achievements call it forth. So it must have been with the *New York Sun* editor that fine spring morning when Lindbergh's accomplishment stirred the world. Turning from the newspaper fare of violence and infidelity, national, international, and individual, see his pen pour forth those few words, simple, unassuming, yet of quality to stir the blood within us:—

Lindbergh Flies Alone!

Alone?

Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and darkness is made light by Emprise?

True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weigh down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rarer spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?

Fine writing, indeed!

## NORMANDY MANTELPIECE

à gauche: biscuit de Sèvres.

Jean-Baptiste, five years old,  
Clad in sheepskin, cannot hold  
Back a too-suspicious lamb  
Confident it sniffs Madame.

au milieu: photo.

Up goes a fireman,  
Walrus moustachio,  
Hailing a dire man  
Pale as pistachio,  
Up a gilt ladder  
He leaps with his adder,  
Elastic, exotic,  
Reptilian, aquatic:  
Notre père à Vichy  
Fit beaucoup de chichi!

à droite: biscuit de Sèvres.

Lean on your egg,  
Darling jeune fille,  
In your little filibeg—  
(May no cleg  
Nip your leg),  
What a cocky coquille!  
But,  
Slut,  
Do you think it is the habit  
Of an egg to hatch a rabbit?  
Then go and teach your grandmaman,  
Your in- or- out-of-hand maman,  
To nab it,  
Grab it,  
Stab it  
For a  
Vol-  
au-  
Vent.

ROBERT FINCH.

## COMMENT ON ART

I HAD been warned that the drawings and oils by L. Lemoine Fitzgerald, the Winnipeg painter and principal of The Manitoba College of Art, which were exhibited last month at Aldine House in Toronto, represented quite a departure in the work of the artist. Why then did I anticipate a bold, perhaps aggressive, at any rate more or less revolutionary art expression? The answer is in the work of most artists who have had the courage to stop 'doing popular things' and who have begun to think, and to allow their reactions to appear in their pictures or in their plastic work.

Mr. Fitzgerald in turning from the easy road which had first led him to success, chose not to be a rebel or a 'sensation.' With patience and dignity he held strictly to all he had acquired in the way of technique, but he seems to have gone to work with the intention of creating new aesthetic values. I did not feel, when admiring his exquisite pencil

drawings,—'Poplars,' a delicate though forceful composition of nude figures and tree forms; 'Willows,' a tender and apparently simple rendition of these poetical trees—that there was a powerful inspiration at the source of this artistic departure. Here is beauty consciously created with subjects of practically no significance, yet the final achievement is arresting and important. Whether depicting a 'Dairy Farm' with a soft tone crayon, a 'Farm-Yard,' in black and white, with chickens and baby chicks promenading, or the tranquil forms of austere elms with charcoal, the discriminating mind and sensitive hand of this artist create important lines that spell beauty, the kind of beauty that a lover of Bach or of Cesar Franck's music will appreciate and enjoy without loud applause or many words of comment.

\* \* \*

While the Museum of Modern Art in New York officially confirms the existence of a live and firmly-established movement of American art, which is distinctly American in inspiration and in expression, Canada at large seems to be still exploited by artists, whether Canadian born or foreigners, who, because they picture Canadian scenery, or Canadian types, in their superficial outer aspect, pretend to create an art that is distinctly Canadian. I am thinking of the collection of oils of the Canadian Rockies which have been on view for the past few weeks, at the J. Merrit Malloney Gallery of Toronto. Like glorified posters, they stand as a witness to the fact that the painter actually went to that well-known tourist ground and that he can paint mountains, trees, and water with as facile a brush and as flattering a palette as he can a beautiful society matron. Whether this has anything to do with art at all, or with Canadian art, is a question which the discriminating public is well able to answer for itself.

\* \* \*

At this time, there is much speculation on what is going to be liked by the trustees of the National Gallery at Ottawa, when the annual exhibition opens and the selection for the permanent collection is made. The acquisitions made by a museum such as The National Gallery may prove to be of essential value in the crystallization of a national art consciousness, in a country like Canada. It may also be very demoralizing if no discrimination is used. There are art productions which, no matter what the circumstances that surround the artist who is responsible for their existence, should not figure in the gallery of a museum or municipal gallery that is supposed to lead the way to an intelligent appreciation of art.

The buying of pictures for the permanent collection of the National Gallery at Ottawa is a matter in which all those who are interested in art in Canada are greatly interested.

\* \* \*

While giving myself to local art with great enthusiasm, I feel that it is valuable to artists as well as to the general public to have foreign work exhibited in any country. Only by contact with other's viewpoints and personal forms of expression do we succeed in finding ourselves and in widening

our outlook. So that after the exhibition of impressionistic paintings by Frank Armington, at The Art Gallery of Toronto, it was interesting to see the collection of oils by Ernest Lawson, known as an American painter, although Halifax, in Nova Scotia, claims him as a native son. In the case of Mr. Armington one sees a sort of travesty in which a technique has been applied, like a well-learned and often-rehearsed method, without any fitness to the temperament of the artist or the subjects with which he deals. I am tempted to compare this to the impossible event of a modern story written in a dead language, we will say in Latin or Greek. With Lawson, the influence of impressionism appears anew. Here is the assimilated theory and sentiment of Claude Monet particularly well adapted to the poetical nature of this contemporary artist and given a new life by his own genius and personality. Lawson does not follow blindly in the footsteps of the Pissarros or of the Monets. His colour is transparent and luminous like theirs but it is also mellow and firm, in Lawson's own manner.

This painter is essentially a romantic artist and his landscapes read like the descriptions of Francis Jammes, the French modern poet. A sunny mysticism fills his 'Church at Peggy Cove,' in which pilgrims climb alertly to their own shrine in a beautiful scene of radiant sea and care-free fishing boats. Like a musical symphony his 'Green and violet' study of mountains and fields seems to me, and also his 'Opal Shadows.' His co-exhibitor at the same gallery, Leon Kroll, could be a great painter, too. His constant care of manners and pleasant appearance kills his personality. One cannot be a slave to elegance and social grace and a great artist at the same time. Kroll performs for the 'élite' that only like beautiful, well-dressed women or pleasingly nude figures and the stylized landscapes that look like theatrical stage decorations. He is rewarded by being a society success and pays the price of his glory by falling short of being what he was destined to be: a big artist. He is only a satisfying painter for the average dilettante.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

### A MEMORY

There was a day we had beside the sea.  
We saw the lank weed sway,  
And golden thoughts blew in to you and me  
That vivid, open day.

We saw each blue wave in a velvet gown  
Uplift its milk-white arms  
To savage, lofty rock that snarled them down—  
Indifferent to their charms.

We stayed until the crimson sun had knelt  
To cast its last red spears:  
And knew the austere pureness we had felt  
Would penetrate the years.

ALAN B. CREIGHTON.

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## WAR

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (Cape-Nelson; pp. 446; \$3.00).

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribners-Copp Clark; pp. 355; \$2.00).

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY, by Peregrine Acland (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 345; \$2.00).

THERE is an interesting comment in Mr. Graves' book which suggests that there are two ways of writing about the war. 'Wherever I have used autobiographical material in previous books and it does not tally with what I have written here, this is the story and that was literature.' He calls his book an autobiography, and we do not read far without feeling that this is the story, the real thing, just as we are certain that so many of the recent war books are just literature.

These two books for instance by Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Acland are quite successful war-literature. They are novels in which a certain individual war experience—in one case with the Canadian troops in France, and in the other with a motor-ambulance unit attached to the Italian army on the Austrian front—provides the background and a good deal of the material for the book, but in each the main concern is really with other things; they are both 'tales of war and passion.' This theme is well handled and the stories are both exciting enough to satisfy the taste of those who on a diet of war books are ready to accept simply or cynically the sentence from which Mr. Acland took his title—'Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior; all else is folly.'

Mr. Hemingway has been partially successful, too, in using a curiously clipped, staccato sentence to produce an effect of immediacy and spontaneity which sometimes makes his narrative very vivid. But it is dangerous to use this trick constantly, and to risk dullness in the attempt to be perfectly realistic in reproducing all the inanities and banalities of ordinary conversation. It is dreadful, too, to hear that young America is so delighted with the trick that in a short time they will all be writing like this:—

'I poured the soda slowly over the ice into the whiskey. I would tell them not to put ice in the whiskey. Let them bring the ice separately. That way you could tell how much whiskey there was and it would not suddenly be too thin from the soda. I would get a bottle of whiskey and have them bring ice and soda. That was the sensible way. Good whiskey was very pleasant. It was one of the pleasantest parts of life.

'What are you thinking, darling?'

'About whiskey.'

'What about whiskey?'

'About how nice it is..

That is literature.

There is nothing like that in Robert Graves' *Autobiography*, though he is a poet, 'the author of thirty-three books or pamphlets' and has also been in his

time a University professor and a printer. It is a long book, a full and concentrated account of a young man's life who happened to be nineteen years of age when the war broke out, and whose experiences of the following four years occupy more than half the book. It is as authentic as he could make it. 'I have been able,' he says, 'to draw on contemporary records for most of the facts, . . . No incidents are invented or embellished. Only I am not sure of the less-important names and to avoid the suggestion of libel I have disguised two names.' This authenticity gives the book a great value. It may, of course, give it a fictitious value for those to whom the people and places referred to are familiar, and they may be perhaps unduly biassed in its favour. But there are few who will not be won by its sincerity and frankness, and by the absence of any special tendency or propagandist purpose.

I do not wish for a moment to suggest that men like Barbusse, Remarque, C. E. Montague, or Sassoon—in his war poetry—have in the least exaggerated their case, tampered with the evidence, or in any way invalidated their terrible indictment of war—the whole case can never be told, the real horror and stupid futility of it all can never be brought within the covers of a book. But man is a strange creature, splendid and contemptible at once, and in war as at other times capable of every conceivable variety of response almost simultaneously. And with the exception of those sensitive and overwrought sufferers who had become utterly abnormal under the pressure of the mental and physical tortures which they endured, most men—at least in the British forces, where even at the worst they were rarely without adequate food and drink and a considerable measure of physical fitness—maintained a certain buoyancy and mastery of circumstances which made their experiences of the war strangely mixed; horrible, disgusting, intolerably monotonous, but also exciting, pleasant, amusing, even triumphant. And in this autobiography we find this curious tangle of all sorts of varied impressions and moods—genuine pride in the regiment together with contemptuous surprise at the inhumanity and stupidity of the old regular army traditions, a real satisfaction in the actual work done in the Line together with the normal person's disgust at the nastiness and waste and muddle of war, a new feeling of kindness and sympathy for ordinary common humanity together with that positive hatred, so characteristic of the active soldier, for the Staff, the politicians, and the general civilian public.

The chief weakness of the book on the other hand is that it does not seem to be a unity, not because of the variety and contrasts I have referred to, but because the latter part is probably too near to the time of writing, so that it cannot be dismissed with a 'Goodbye to all that.'

It will naturally challenge comparison with the books by his two friends and contemporaries, Edmund Blunden and Siegfried Sassoon. It is not, I think, so carefully written as either of them, it has not their charm, but some may find it more satisfying,—a completer and more authentic record. It is from them and from their friends that we have expected the real book of the war to come, but we are not all convinced like Mr. J. C. Squire that that book will necessarily

be written by an Englishman. Nor do we all share his contempt both for what has been and what may be yet produced by those countries whose war experience was, after all—by the addition of famine and starvation—more prolonged, more devastating and more far-reaching than ours.

H. J. DAVIS.

### POST WAR

CLASS OF 1902, by Ernst Glaeser (The Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 397; \$2.50).

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST UNDERGRADUATE, by N. Ognyov (Payson and Clarke-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 288; \$2.50).

HERE are two admirable books dealing with members of that singed generation who escaped meeting War face to face, but were close enough to feel its hot and stinking breath during their most sensitive years. Critics have justly praised the form and content of these two works of fiction, but, to this reviewer, they both possessed a special personal significance that seemed to make of them something above and beyond mere literary creations. For 1902, the class of Ernst Glaeser's nameless hero and of Ernst Glaeser himself, is my class too, and but for the accident of birth I might have been a Swabian schoolboy in 1914 or a freshman at a Soviet University among Ognyov's Young Communists in one of the early years of this decade.

It was in a spirit of sympathetic comradeship rather than of academic criticism that I followed the youthful protagonist of the former work through his early school days to the Declaration of War and his first glass of beer gulped down in a fever of patriotic enthusiasm. After the trumpetings and the cheering of the early days, things soon began to take on the black tinge of impending defeat. Paris always remained just out of reach and pushing the Russian army into bogs did not seem to get one any further. It was hard for a boy to face this through a period of years on a diet of black bread and turnip stew; not only defeat for the beloved Fatherland but defeat in all his timid adolescent attempts to solve the 'mystery' of sex. What a different time we had of it, we Canadians of the Class of 1902. The War to us was a sort of glorified realization of a Henty story, and when our fathers and uncles and elder brothers died, as they did occasionally, it was gloriously in victory and not ignominiously in defeat—a very different thing. For us it was the height of abnegation to take one lump of sugar instead of two and our elders groaned patriotically when they were bullied into investing their savings in Victory Bonds bearing five and one half per cent. interest tax free.

You had a vastly harder time of it, my young Swabian, and the tale of your youth is a precious record of the war behind the front. More than that, you yourself are a real person, or at least I thought you were until the very last pages of your career, when your author took the little train conductress, who was at last going to show you the 'mystery' in the spring woods, and blew her to bits with a bomb from an Allied air-raider. Then I

realized you were only a ghost in a novel, a good novel with a bad ending.

You, Comrade Riabtsov, I know already from the pages of Ognyov's *Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, but I find you even more interesting now you have grown up a little; you have become more intelligent and less of a caricature. You are a few years younger than Glaeser's Swabian and I, and the shadow that brooded over your early days was not the war we call 'Great' but the struggle of the Revolution and the famine, engineered by Messrs. Lloyd George & Co., which followed it. I like your new Russia, though your new Russia might look askance at me and think me a bit of a Menshevik. And I feel I know more about your new Russia from your *Diary* than I have ever learned from all the mass of books and articles available. The finest thing about it is, of course, that it is new. You have blotted out everything before November, 1917, and have set your faces resolutely forward. You may take your new 'ideology' a little too seriously at times, but at least it's a good ideology, a vastly better one at any rate than my Rotarians and Kiwanians have to offer me in my country. Your Marx and your Lenin are real heroes too, more deserving of worship by far than the football players and successful millionaires most of my fellow students looked up to when I was an undergraduate. You don't say much about your university itself, but I gather it is an unpleasant sort of place in respect of mere creature comforts but highly exciting mentally. I think I should have preferred it to the place I went to with its Scottish tradition, its American methods, its imported English staff and general stodginess. Some of your doctrinaire poses and over-organized institutions I find slightly comic. Fox-trotting, for instance, may be 'petty-bourgeois,' but it can be quite amusing; and your Alliance of Communist Youth reminds me rather painfully of our bourgeois Boy Scouts. But your new profanity is really one of the best things you have; calling a man a Chamberlain as the final insult. I shall try it myself next time someone steps on my toe in a crowded street-car. 'Get off my foot, you Chamberlain!'

Well, my hand to you, young Swabian, and to you, Comrade Riabtsov. I rather envy you both.

FELIX WALTER.

### COMPELLING MEMORIES

MEMORIES THAT LIVE, by S. Morgan-Powell (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 282; \$3.50).

MR. MORGAN-POWELL'S memories remind us of Mr. Charlesworth's chronicles. Not that there is any similarity in the manner or background of the two critics. On the contrary. Mr. Charlesworth's memories were of old Ontario, and they were racy (or pleasantly mossy) of the soil; Mr. Morgan-Powell's, rougher in grain, are the memories of a rolling-stone who has things to tell of life in foreign parts. But the irritating thing about the books of both men is that while each writes against a background of definite interest, each is fatally attracted by a subject to which his peculiar background can contribute nothing at all. A large part of Mr. Charles-

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worth's chronicles was given up to memories of famous players, and he confessed that it was the writing of these which gave him most pleasure. The assistant editor-in-chief of the Montreal *Star* is even more a slave to this vice than the editor of *Saturday Night*, and so we find three-quarters of his big book devoted to cherished recollections of Duse, Sothorn and Marlowe, Forbes-Robertson, Bernhardt, Tree, the Irvings, and other dead stars of the theatrical firmament. And they have all been praised so much already! If some critic were to dance on their graves it would be shocking but more interesting. As it is, each one comes to lay another wreath. The wreath may be quite fresh and yet like all the others: we look and pass by—lifting our hat as we go.

But when our eye is caught by something new our attention is arrested and we listen to what the critic has to say. Writing on 'The Theatre in the Tropics,' for example, Mr. Morgan-Powell reminds his readers that the theatre spirit is not limited to the big Dominions but flourishes in the most remote colonies of the Empire:—

I have seen 'Hedda Gabler' played in a West African Customs House when . . . the entire audience was bathed in gin and perspiration, and when the entire cast was genial with gin—all save Hedda, who, being a half-caste, strangely enough, had developed a perverted taste for whiskey, of which she could toss down a liberal half-pint with no more obvious effect than the production of a low grunt and a gleaming eye. But this same Hedda, crawling about the three-legged table set up on a rickety platform to represent Hedda's children's nursery, was so completely lost in her part that she continued to crawl and to romp long after she had any excuse in the text for so doing . . .

And again, he tells us of organized tours in the British West Indies that have brought profit to their backers:—

The coloured people are keen lovers of the theatre, and they particularly 'eat up' Shakespeare. He appeals, strangely enough, to their sense of humour! I have seen an audience containing more than a thousand coloured gentry laughing their necks stiff at the scene in which Othello chokes Desdemona. Their general criticism was that his handkerchief was not large enough!

It is homely passages like these that spot the book with colour. If there had been more of them, the book would have been noisier, perhaps a bit garish, but a more amusing contribution to the season's reading.

R. DE B.

## POETS AND POETRY

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY AND OTHER LECTURES, by H. W. Garrod (Oxford University Press; pp. 270; \$3.75).

THERE is a delightful story told, the truth or falsity of which matters but little, of the young Oxford student who, intending to graduate in English, graduated in the Classics instead, because through an unfortunate error he wandered into the wrong examination room. Professor Garrod reminds me of the student in the story, not because he is careless in his wanderings, but because he possesses that broad background of knowledge, which is, I fear, much more common in England than it is on this continent. Mr.



Garrod, for example, spent many years studying, teaching, and editing the classics; and then, from 1923-28, gracefully occupied the Chair of Poetry at Oxford University. It is not surprising, then, to find in the book now under review a vast amount of knowledge coupled with a 'telling style', a combination which marks the author not only as a scholar but also as an acute and very readable literary critic.

There are two distinct types of lectures represented in the volume: those which are venturings into the entangling abstractions of literary theory; those which are definite criticisms of specific authors. It is in this latter class that Mr. Garrod is at his best. He writes his criticisms with a vigorous and buoyant courage. He has definite ideas and he is not afraid to utter them. Unlike many of the professorial clan, he dares to pronounce judgment upon poetry only recently born into this chaotic world, even though in so doing he may endanger his professional reputation. While yet occupying his Oxford position, he lectured on Rupert Brooke, Humbert Wolfe, and A. E. Housman. He has, of course, been censured for actions of this nature; but he only smiles, remembering his own private beliefs on the purpose of criticism. First, criticism 'must have a gay courage . . . And secondly, all good criticism is magnanimous . . . After all, the end of criticism is, not to be right, but to do right by whatever seems great or like to greatness.' This has a touch of Arthurian chivalry about it. To champion that which seems good, is the thing. What matters it, if you discover later that you have been all wrong? His boldness is carried one step further by his attitude towards the personality of the poet. Not satisfied with studying the product alone, he studies the maker. Immediately, many scholarly teeth are set on edge. And again Mr. Garrod smilingly writes: 'There are people who . . . dislike mixing up the poet and his poetry; who chafe at the intrusion of what they call the personal judgment. These, perhaps, beyond all others . . . are the pedants of criticism.' This 'gay courage' and this human approach give to many of the lectures a fascinating charm seldom found in this branch of writing. Especially does this apply, I believe, to the lecture on Hazlitt's place in English criticism, and to the lectures on Brooke, Wolfe, and Housman.

As to the other type of lecture, the very abstractions involved markedly devitalize the style. To write on the 'Profession of Poetry' and to make it real to the layman is difficult. As a matter of fact, Mr. Garrod, in this particular case, appears to be satisfied with collecting varied materials from 'The Preface' to *The Lyrical Ballads*, the fourteenth chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, and some of the earlier theoretical writings—materials which he then mixes into a general *pot-pourri* to which he adds little. True, his pessimism about the age of the world and gradual decline of nature (a problem by the way which inspired more polite polemics in the seventeenth century than it does today) is not at all Wordsworthian; but then, it does not even seem to be Garrodian (excuse the word, please!), for it is hard to believe that the courageous critic of the later chapters is the same who writes this somewhat worn-out twaddle. Nor is there decided charm in the other papers treating theoretical problems, for example in

'Poets and Philosophers' and in 'Pure Poetry'. At times, even, Mr. Garrod is forced to leave the problem suspended midway between heaven and earth, and, in so doing, he leaves his reader suspended along with the problem.

Taken all in all, however, the volume contains great force, profound knowledge, sympathetic interpretation, and brilliant writing. Faced by these qualities, it is scarcely necessary for me to recommend Mr. Garrod's lectures to all who are interested in poetry and poets. The book will stand on its own merits no matter what critics, good or bad, may say about it.

S. E. READ.

## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

**PROBLEMS OF PEACE.** Lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations (Oxford University Press; pp. xv, 324; \$3.25).

**SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1927,** by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford University Press; pp. vii, 613, with 4 maps; \$6.25).

**THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT,** by Philip C. Jessup (World Peace Foundation; pp. 159; \$2.50).

**THE PACIFIC AREA,** an International Survey, by George H. Blakeslee (World Peace Foundation; pp. 224; \$2.00).

**SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN CANADA'S EXTERNAL RELATIONS,** by W. L. MacKenzie King (Liberal Printing Co.; pp. 29).

**OPPRESSED FLANDERS,** by S. T. Ryder (Typo J. Lannoo, Thielt).

**PROBLEMS OF PEACE**, as the title indicates, is a collection of lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations in the Summer of 1928, on topics affecting the contemporary relations of nations. This volume is the third of the series to appear, and as one might expect the lectures contain less descriptive information and more about the fundamental difficulties underlying the problems than heretofore. The lectures have, without exception, been so well prepared and edited that they have few if any of the faults so common to published addresses. It would be invidious to select any of them for particular attention, but in view of the confusion in so many minds as to the function of international law in a society of nations, Professor Brierly's lecture on that topic is particularly valuable. In his lecture he suggests the defects inherent in 'customary international law,' in that it grows extremely slowly and is limited in range, whereas present day conditions demand immediate action. He points out the defects in much of the 'conventional international law,' in that it has been so largely devoted to the regulation of war, not to its elimination, and quotes Mr. L. F. Woolf's comparison of domestic and international law on this point as follows: 'What should we think of a State in which there were no laws to prevent riot and murder and violence, but very detailed and complicated laws governing the conduct of persons engaged in riots and murder and violence.' He then deals with the fundamental problem of the limitations of law. As he so admirably says:—

Our law-creating efforts can, in a sense, only stimulate the growth of law; they cannot create the ground in which law can flourish and render in our lives the high services of which it is capable, because that ground is not a material thing at all, but a spiritual state of things, and the problem of creating it is not a legal problem but a moral problem.

His discussion of law as an alternative to war is excellent and most timely, he points out:—

it is utterly misleading to speak of law and war as though they were true alternatives . . . we are tempted to argue, just because war and law both lead to disputes being settled that therefore they are merely different ways of settling disputes. There is a fallacy in such reasoning . . . the same fallacy into which a teetotaler falls if he commends water because water is a means of quenching thirst, oblivious of the fact that what the liquor drinker wants is not to quench his thirst simpliciter, but to quench it in a particular way. Why do nations resort to war? . . . not because they want a dispute settled but because they want it settled in one way and not in any other, because they are determined that their own will in the matter on which they are disputing shall prevail over the will of the other party. . . Law, on the other hand, is a means by which a State gets, not necessarily the solution that it desires but the solution that it is held by certain impartial persons to be entitled to. It leads, therefore, to a result totally different from that which war leads to.

The supreme problem as Brierly sees it is 'the peaceful incorporation of changes into an existing order. Whenever this problem is not faced and solved, revolution in the national and war in the international will result.'

Among the other lectures of particular interest to Canadians are those of Mr. C. Delisle Burns on 'the British Common Wealth of Nations,' and 'The Role of the Anglo-Saxon Nations in Disarmament' by de Madariaga. As Mr. Burns points out, Professor Keith and others underestimate the importance of administrative practice, in their consideration of the status of Great Britain and the Dominions, and acting on this thesis Mr. Burns outlines for the benefit of an international audience, the actual administrative practice of the commonwealth.

De Madariaga has always impressed me with his cleverness but he has at the same time left me with the feeling that he stressed cleverness, and effect, at the expense of somewhat duller accuracy. And yet one must admit that he is the authority on disarmament, and when he says that Great Britain and the United States are at the head of the armament list, that their military budgets are by far the highest in the world in absolute figures, and that Great Britain with an expenditure of \$12.2 per head of population is at the head of that list, too, one must bow to those figures. But at the same time one feels that figures are not enough, that de Madariaga, to make out his case, should have explained some of the reasons for those figures. He is using a very common device of any propagandist, telling the truth, stating the facts, but both truth and fact are out of their context. However, his criticism of the Anglo-Saxon nations is merited, and will, one hopes, help toward general disarmament.

The *Survey of International Affairs* for 1927 is, like the rest of Mr. Toynbee's works, of a high standard. It deals with the general topics of 'Security and Disarmament,' 'Europe,' 'China,' and 'The American Continent,' and concludes with a number of interesting appendices and maps. Mr. Toynbee writes in excellent style and exhibits an amazing knowledge

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Toronto

of contemporary world affairs. In earlier numbers of the Survey he was assisted by other contributors, but he has assumed full responsibility for the present number himself and this seems to be the better arrangement. Any criticism must of necessity be directed against his choice of topics, and the importance he attaches to such topics. There are those who feel that he has devoted too much space to the unfortunate conference on Naval Disarmament held at Geneva in 1927; and others, worshippers of Mussolini and Fascism, dislike his comments about their idols. But recent events have entirely justified his treatment of those topics.

Mr. Jessup's book deals primarily with the history of America's accession to the Permanent Court of International Justice. In addition it contains an excellent summary of the proposed amendments to the Statute of the Court, together with a number of very useful appendices. Of particular interest to Canadians is the section on the appointment of National Judges (pp. 68, ff.). There was a very sharp disagreement among the members of the committee of jurists appointed to revise the Statute, as to the right of Canada, and the other British Dominions, to appoint 'ad hoc' judges, to sit with the court in cases in which Canada or the Dominions had an interest, when there was an English judge already on the bench. The active support of Dominion rights came from Sir Cecil Hurst, legal advisor to the British Foreign Office (recently elected a judge of the Court). The opposition was led by M. Politis, of Greece. No decision was arrived at and the question is one that will require a prolonged struggle on the part of the Dominions.

Professor Blakeslee's book, *The Pacific Area*, has been prepared primarily for the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held recently in Kyoto, but it merits a much wider public than the members of that Conference. It gives in accurate and interesting form the present situation in the Pacific Basin; extracts from the official documents affecting the rights and privileges of foreigners in China; and the announced policy of the Chinese toward these rights. The book is extremely useful to every student of International Affairs.

*Some Recent Developments in Canada's External Relations* is one of the Prime Minister's better speeches. It was delivered before the Toronto Board of Trade in Hart House just a year ago, and it is a real contribution to the general reader's knowledge of Canada's foreign relations. Sir John A. MacDonald seems to have been one of the ablest liberals Canada ever produced and *their* affection for his foreign policy increases as the years go by. One is rather inclined to doubt the reality of the statement that the position of High Commissioner for Canada in Great Britain 'stands today and is likely always to stand as the first and foremost of these positions.' This criticism has nothing to do with the importance of London and Great Britain in Canada's affairs. Of that there is no question. But our relations with the British government are so direct and we are linked up in so many ways that the office of the High Commissioner in the past at least, has not been a particularly important one.

*Oppressed Flanders* is most interesting but it has no value to the scholar save to show that the relations

of the Flemish and Walloons in Belgium are anything but happy. The translation is wretched, the capacity to reason lacking altogether, and the end desired is not one with which any realist would sympathize today. There are limits beyond which the right of self determination of racial and other groups becomes a menace to organized society. While one may sympathize with the Flemish majority who, it is suggested are ground down by the Walloon minority, it seems highly desirable that they work out their own salvation within the union. British justice, on page 21, comes in for a large measure of praise for its civility toward Mr. Gandhi. Possibly some Indians might not agree.

N. A. MacKENZIE.

### WOLF SOLENT

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (Mussion; 2 vols.; pp. 966; \$5.00).

MR. POWYS' big novel is a magnificent failure; a wild, strangely beautiful, living thing, yet with something wrong in its very reins, it has the melancholy quality of a constipated eagle or a gelded centaur. Its central character is a mystic, peculiarly attuned to nature and positively fluid in his moods: exiled since boyhood from his native Dorset, he returns to the Blackmore Vale a man of thirty-five, sick of a world ravaged by modern invention, thirsting to enjoy the new life he has won by landing the job of literary assistant to the Squire of King's Barton, who is compiling a Dorset Chronicle after a new and pithy fashion. In this soft native air life opens out to Wolf full and mysterious: he sucks strength from the black sod and draws peace from the wide sky; he finds two women to love with his body and his soul; and he finds himself the magnet for a ghoulish interest among the sons of 'wold Darset' who know what they will not tell about the fate of his predecessor who died near Lenty Pond. Jason Otter the tortured poet and Tilly-Valley the drunken priest, Urquhart the Squire with his obscene aura and old Malakite the bookseller of the sad dignity and evil fame; these and other secret sharers of a mystery from which Wolf is excluded but which he feels has for him a peculiar significance make a circle so charged with eerie peril as to give a prick even to the warning of beefy old Torp the monument-maker: 'Life be a wink of the eyelid, these times; and only them as jumps the ditches goes dry to bed!'

But this sinister atmosphere fades as the drama becomes ever more restricted to the psychic struggle within Wolf's private consciousness—a conflict between the will and the phantoms bred of an abnormal sensibility, a conflict in whose mounting crises he is time and again amazed to find he has escaped disaster. 'Well, that was the way things worked out,' he muses. 'Instead of either of the great clear horns of Fate's dilemma, a sort of blurred and woolly forehead of the wild goat Chance!' But the accursed indecision that saves him from the horns makes him too often the butt of the woolly forehead: devil a ditch can he jump but must hover on the brink of each one till the wild goat sends him wet to bed. It is these accumulated humiliations that crush his life-illusion, and when he faces reality at last in the field of gold behind the pig-sty we are too weary of his spiritual sweats to care much whether he can endure the long bleak road



he so clearly sees ahead of him or not. And yet his story is a book to read and to keep. There are characters here that only a Powys could have caught for us alive; there are scenes where common human relationships are invested to an extraordinary degree with the fresh mystery of individual experience; and there are a hundred passages where the beauty of lush earth under changing skies is caught with an exquisite intensity in noble prose.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

## FOLK MUSIC

A LIFE OF SONG, by Marjorie Kennedy-Fraser (Oxford University Press; pp. 198).

THIRTY years ago, it was not possible to procure authentic collections of the traditional songs of the British peoples—thousands of them were known to exist, the traditional songster was fast dying out, and these treasures of the minds of the common people which had been eagerly sought by Burns and Moore, and later, by Professor Blackie, still awaited the hand of the skilled musician to take down the tunes from the people, before they were lost for ever.

Had Burns and Moore been able to take down the tunes they heard, as well as the words they took down and adapted, our traditional music would have received an artistic impetus which only began to dawn almost a century later.

Fortunately for music generally, there were those on the continent of Europe in the middle of the last century who realized the great musical and historical value of the 'peasant' material. The modern folk-song revival began with Bourgault-Doucoudrays' collection of the Celtic songs of Brittany, at the instance of the French government. Brahms in Germany had already brought his genius to bear upon scores of the most beautiful of the German 'Volkslieder,' emulating his great predecessors Haydn and Bach. Grieg in Scandinavia, Stanford in Ireland, Fuller-Maitland, Lucy Broadwood, Cecil Sharp, Vaughan Williams, and others in England, and Marius Barbeau in Canada, all became pioneers in the study and revival of traditional peoples' music, whose labours in this field have assumed a national importance and a deep artistic significance.

The songs of the Hebrides came into the printed fold largely by the devoted labours of two distinguished Scottish women, Miss Frances Tolmie (1840-1927) and Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, whose *Songs of the Hebrides* form the most valuable contribution to the music of the Scottish Highlands and Islands.

In *A Life of Song* Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser gives us her experiences in collecting the songs from the singers of the inner and outer Hebridean Isles of Scotland, realistically, romantically, lovingly. And, for those who do not know those stormy seas and barren islands, where this romantic beauty in song is incubated, we add our willing and admiring tribute of bravery, to this story of the reek and peat and lonely wilds of those remote islands, steeped in 'weather' and song. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's book is a delightful contribution to our literature on Folk Music, such as only a great singing artist, a fine musician, and a true Highland woman could have written.

J. CAMPBELL-McINNES.



## Goodbye to all That

Robert Graves writes of himself in an unprejudiced, frank manner that at once wins him confidence and admiration. What he has to say of himself and of the first thirty years of his life is as absorbing as his style of saying it is interesting. He went to Charterhouse; he enlisted in an infantry battalion and went to the front early in the war; he was wounded, reported dead; returned to the front, discharged at the end of the war; married; was a professor of English in a University in Cairo. And now he is putting his past away from him, not because he is weary of it, we think, but because it is so absorbing that it threatens to tangle him in a web of reminiscences.

The reviewers have been critical of this most recent war book, and they have been appreciative, too, of the man who has given life and vitality to the pages:—

*"Candor, grim humor, and clear writing have always been characteristic of the prose writing of Robert Graves. . . . He is a headlong sort of person, and at thirty-three sat down to write the story of his life which is as ingenious as the 'Confessions' of Rousseau."—W. A. Deacon, of The Mail and Empire.*

*"We have read the book with reasonable care, and it impressed us as an unusually fine piece of work and references to Canadians as extremely complimentary."—From an editorial in The Mail and Empire.*

*"The book throws very intimate light upon the habits of soldiers in the trenches, sparing neither descriptive power nor ignoring the social habits of the warriors."—From the Review, published by the Brantford Expositor.*

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## BOOKS ON ART

**ART FOR CHILDREN**, by Ana M. Berry (Special Winter number of *The Studio* 1929; 8 colour plates and 112 full-page monotone illustrations; pp. 180; 7/6).

There is hardly a single person who glancing over this book will fail to remark: 'art for children? Where? Why these pictures and not thousands of others as well or not any better fitted?'

So bad has been the art education of our youth that even the most advanced spirits in our midst, when it comes to giving the first art notions to their children, are as backward and as handicapped by century-old prejudice as the most retrogressive minds among us.

However puzzled we may be, before this book, or however provoked, the fact is that the author must have taken considerable pains to collect these examples of art in order to help us build an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of art in our children.

We do not find in this book the type of chromolithographs on which we all have been raised showing carmine cheeked children, rosy pigs, chocolate colour cows and all the range of illustrations which are still in favor with the majority of publishers for children's books. The subjects of the illustrations which have been selected have a real appeal to children but only the best work produced by masters throughout the ages, and all over the world, has been considered good enough. 'It is better' writes the author in her introduction 'that children should not have to UNlearn as they grow older, and to accustom them early to beautiful things is to influence their outlook at the start for good.'

In the realm of animals, the reproductions include those of a pen and ink drawing of a boar by Pisanello from Le Louvre, 'The Escaping Elephant' a Moghul painting from the British Museum Collection, 'The Rhinoceros,' an engraving by Albrecht Durer and all kinds of amusing Japanese woodcut fantasies, caricatures of various animals.

In the chapter entitled 'The Book of Portraits' one finds a drawing of a child by Picasso, 'the portrait of the eternal child who belongs to every age and almost any country' explains Miss Berry; 'L'Enfant au Polichinelle' by A. Renoir, 'a solemn, serious baby this' comments the author. Some of the others are: 'Portrait of a Boy' by Rembrandt, 'Infanta Margarita' by Velas-

quez, a 'Child's Head' by Rubens and 'Robin,' a beautifully alive little being by Augustus John.

If after having looked at every illustration in the book, and read the simply-worded and clearly-thought-out legends which accompany them, one is still in doubt as to their value for children, I should like to say: 'Try it on your own or on the neighbours' kiddies.' I have done it and I am more than convinced. I am thoroughly converted to the idea and to the book. This is not too good for children. It is just the thing.

J.B.S.

**THE WORLD'S MASTERS—GOYA** (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1/-).

**THE WORLD'S MASTERS—DAUMIER** (The Studio; introduction and 24 plates; 1/-).

The Studio Company has published two more volumes in its 'World Masters' series, one on Goya and one on Daumier. Each volume contains twenty-four plates and an excellent introductory analysis of the artist. This series is doing good work in carrying on the tradition of Gowan's pocket edition of masterpieces and its productions are an improvement on the older series. They give a smaller number of plates, but these are better reproductions and the use of unglazed paper is a great advantage. The use of an explanatory preface is most helpful, especially to the intelligent amateur who often needs some such support. The quality of these introductions is high, and it is pleasant to find that there are some writers who can be intelligible and almost sane on art subjects.

Goya and Daumier were realists who happened to be great artists as well. Each of them used his art throughout a long life in what must have seemed a hopeless losing battle on behalf of the oppressed. Daumier was imprisoned at twenty-three for lampooning Louis Philippe, and during the next forty-five years he turned out nearly four thousand political and social caricatures along the same general lines, in spite of poverty and persecution. That was his life-work; his more formal achievements were incidental. It is from this relatively small body of work that most of the plates in this series have been selected. These show qualities that make one wish his life had not been devoted so passionately to fighting the brutalities and follies of his countrymen.

Daumier records the post-war Europe of his time; Goya is the merciless commentator of the rotting eighteenth century. As Court painter at Madrid he was well pleased to observe and portray those qualities which lead to the ruin of men and kingdoms. Why his royal patron let him live is somewhat of a mystery. That one portrait of Queen Maria Luisa in its ruthless exposure of perhaps the vilest member of a vile court should have justified the quiet elimination of the artist. It is true the Inquisition did what it could, but that was on quite other grounds. The Church objected to the moral qualities of a nude study entitled 'Maja,' and prosecuted the artist. But the spirit of Torquemada was dead and the prosecution fell through after the artist had promised to supply adequate drapery for the figure. The way he fulfilled this promise is shown by plates 7 and 8 of this little collection.

Spain of the Peninsular war was not a nice place and Goya was perhaps not a 'nice' man; but there are limits to the way these points should be presented to the modern public. Two of the pictures in this book are unfit to publish, however interesting to students of mental diseases. A third is quite horrible enough to be deleted. For these three plates, numbers 12, 20 and 21, a camel-hair brush and India ink laid on thick is perhaps the best instrument. Since this booklet is for English readers one regrets that Goya's portrait of Wellington is not included. This superb study of a 'hard-boiled' professional soldier, who did his job without scruples or regrets, is worth setting beside the pale ascetic that the English Court painters saw fit to give us. We prefer the Goya.

Daumier and Goya were a good pair and we welcome these inexpensive introductions to their work.

A.G.

**DECORATIVE ART, 1929**, edited by C. G. Holne and S. B. Wainwright (The Studio; illustrated; pp. 188; 7/6).

It is to be hoped that 'Decorative Art' will find its way into many homes and architects' offices, and fall into the hands of those whose work in life it is to create those things that play so important a part in the lives of those who need chairs to sit on and houses to live in. It will be of great value to such individuals as it will materially assist them in many ways and will unquestionably show them what to

avoid. While the photographs and illustrations are a very creditable collection, they do not represent accurately the new movement in decorative art. It is to be admitted that photographs cannot do credit to the objects they portray, particularly views of interiors. This is unfortunate as colour and projection play so vital a part in the success of the modern style.

One fully appreciates the efforts the movement is making to create a change in many of the features we have so long adhered to, and bring us to a more natural viewpoint, but one cannot help feeling that many of the changes are little or no better than those they are meant to replace.

The publishers of this book have done their utmost to place before the public the modernistic movement as forcibly as possible, but a more carefully chosen selection of illustrations, showing the less pronounced features of the movement, would be more acceptable and less likely to be criticized. It is to be feared that many will condemn, without further investigation, the movement that it is the object of this book to uphold. It would have been advisable to have omitted some of the examples which give an exaggerated picture of the worst features of the modern movement.

L.B.

#### BIOGRAPHIES

MARLOWE AND HIS CIRCLE, A Biographical Survey, by Frederick S. Boas (Oxford University Press; pp. 159; \$2.25).

One of the best indications of the fascination of Marlowe's work and imagined character was shown four years ago in the fact that the Nonesuch Press undertook to publish Dr. Leslie Hotson's brilliant discovery of the details of Marlowe's death—a Record Office discovery which, made by him against odds such as variation of name from Marlowe to Marlen, Marlin, Marley, Morley, very vividly brought before one's eyes the final scene in the Deptford tavern on May 30, 1593. It was characteristic of common respect for Marlowe the poet that more than one reader and reviewer of *The Death of Christopher Marlowe* should protest against the imputations on the character of a man killed in a quarrel over 'le recknyng,' preferring to see the stabbing as a political murder, and Marlowe as the victim of a plot, rather than as the man described by Kyd, who once lived with him, as 'intemperate' and guilty of 'rashness in attempting soden pryvie injuries to men.'

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The original material in *Marlowe and His Circle* consists mainly in a detailed account of the life of Robert Poley, the most important of the three varying disreputable companions of Marlowe's last hours, a man closely connected with the political murder of Mary Queen of Scots, and 'the very genius of the Elizabethan underworld,' as Dr. Boas calls him. But the author's purpose has been to 'take stock of the documentary materials for the biography of Marlowe and his associates that have been brought to light in the 20th century.' Among other things there is a full discussion of Marlowe's secular scepticism, his connection with the free-thinking mathematician, Harriot, his influence on Raleigh and his circle of 'atheists,' and his recently brought to light service as a government agent. Since some of this material is scattered about in various periodicals, Dr. Boas' book definitely supersedes any other biographical work. It makes, in addition, interesting reading.

There is a list of all known principal original documents, and an index. On page 58 the (only) reference to the composition date of *Doctor Faustus* is misprinted 1598-9 for 1588-9.

N. J. E.

UP TO NOW, an Autobiography by Alfred E. Smith (The Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 434; \$5.00).

It was inevitable that this book should in some ways be disappointing. The things that we would like it to tell us are not the kind that it could tell. Partly, no doubt, it is the result of the author's own failure to distinguish the significant from the merely interesting; but more often it is a deliberate avoidance of matters which a professional politician could hardly be expected to reveal. We would like, for instance, to have some first hand glimpse of the workings of Tammany. We want to know how an East Side boy becomes the favoured candidate of the Wigwam, and he talks of amateur theatricals; we want to know how Cox came to be nominated in 1920, and he tells us of climbing Pike's Peak in an automobile; we want to know the relations of the Tammany leaders to a Democratic governor at Albany, and he tells us of the sins of the Republican legislature. At times his silence seems almost painfully eloquent.

Yet this autobiography has a very timely interest. The career of Al Smith is one of far greater significance than that of the usual unsuccessful Presidential candidate. For his candi-

dacy was the expression of a new force in politics—a force with which both parties must eventually reckon. He stood for the new America, the America of the urban proletariat, the America of the melting pot; and though he went down to defeat before older and more traditional forces, the elements which he represented have shown that they mean to make themselves felt in the political life of the nation. The significance of these elements is partially revealed in this book; and though we must regret that the revelation is not more complete, it is still sufficient to lend to this volume a very distinctive interest.

E. McI.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Margaret Goldsmith (Bonis; pp. 218).

This is volume three of Boni's Paper Books—a welcome series to those who like to buy literature occasionally and are appalled by the average price of fiction and memoirs, now probably nearer to four dollars than one. These Paper Books are to appear monthly—new books, not reprints—at an annual Canadian subscription of \$5.50. To judge by the present example they are a real bargain.

This popular and unassuming life of the Great Frederick who for better or for worse made modern Prussia will surprise those who are unfamiliar with the subject; it shows us a man who stood for everything that we are learning to abhor—autocracy, war-making, and political cynicism—yet who wins our ungrudging admiration and compels us to admit that even for our age he is an incontestably heroic person. The book is not scientific history, it is a brief and attractive excursion into the modern field of biography. It tries to give Frederick in person with only enough history to make him intelligible. It avoids the psychological finessing and the obvious vices of the Ludwig school, and it is strikingly unprejudiced.

B.F.

#### THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

SCIENCE AND THOUGHT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, by Lynn Thorndike (Columbia University Press; pp. xii, 387; \$4.75).

This robust and indispensable work, the first to issue from the Columbia Press in the Dunning memorial series, suffers from a deceptive title. It is not a conspectus of the intellectual move-

ment in the Italian Renaissance but a collection of thirteen important but highly specialised monographs on minor persons of the day, supplemented by twenty-two appendices. Mr. Thorndike has ransacked the libraries of Europe from St. Mark's to the British Museum; he has discovered a variety of philosophic and scientific treatises hitherto unpublished; and these he has synopsized in the chapters of the present work and partially transcribed in the appendices.

Had Mr. Thorndike contented himself with such a workmanlike performance, we should have merely to congratulate him on his Benedictine labours. Unfortunately he has an axe to grind: his interest in the fifteenth century is sinister and altogether unscholarly, an interest in catechising the Florentine humanists in order to prove their inferiority to the more systematic and audacious thinkers of the middle ages. Mr. Thorndike aligns himself with Messrs. Haskins and Gilson in their contention that the revival of learning occurred in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and that the fifteenth century revived merely the classical tricks of style and feeling.

Mr. Thorndike does not succeed in his ambition to discredit the fifteenth century. He is not a big-game hunter: Marsilio Ficino, Guarino Veronese, and Poggio, the great humanists of the Quattrocento he scarcely mentions. The reputation of the Italian Renaissance cannot be in the least endangered by a work which explores the foibles of some among its minor figures. Nor does Mr. Thorndike win converts by his free use of a very copious vocabulary of invective.

E.K.B.

#### AUSTRIA

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR AUSTRIA, by F. F. G. Kleinwaechter (Allen & Unwin; pp. 74; with four maps; 3/6).

The general reader who notes the recurring references to *Anschluss* in press despatches from Europe and is curious to know the facts regarding the movement for the union of Austria with Germany will find the Austrian case presented in clear and compact form in this little book. It is addressed particularly to American readers, since it was on the basis of the principles enunciated by the American President that Austria laid down her arms, and the author is convinced that his country's subsequent betrayal by the Allied vic-

tors has never been understood by the American people. The Austrians accepted the Wilsonian decree that self-determination should be the guiding principle in the settlement of Europe, and when in accordance with this principle the various peoples of their empire hived off by themselves, the few million German-Austrians left declared themselves constitutionally (on November 12, 1918), part of the German Republic. For reasons of expediency the victorious Allies prevented and still prevent the union: a glance at the map explains the Czech and Italian opposition, and the French oppose it because, although self-determination is a fine principle morally, self-preservation is the first principle politically. Really, the dilution of the only half-Prussianized German nation by six and a half million more South Germans might be a good thing for France and for Europe, but it is too soon after the war for the late allies to see that. The fact remains that if union with Germany is denied Austria, she will waste away, for her industrial fabric has lost both its raw materials and its markets. Herr Kleinwachter's book should help to mobilize world opinion on Austria's side and we wish it luck. Misprints, by the way, are rare in Allen & Unwin books, but on page 48, for '650 gold crowns,' you must read '650 million gold crowns.'

R. DE B.

## COMIC DRAMA

ENGLISH COMIC DRAMA, 1700-1750, by F. W. Bateson (Oxford Press; pp. 158; \$2.25).

In this slight volume, Mr. Bateson has discussed the work of the principal comic dramatists of the period, after having given a brief, and not altogether convincing introductory chapter to the period itself. The major portions of the book are devoted to the comedies of Cibber, Steele, Mrs. Centlivre, Gay, Carey, and Fielding, who certainly compose a sufficiently representative delegation for serious study. The author has something to say about the lives of these authors and the critical opinions which have been uttered regarding their works. He also outlines briefly the plots of the more important plays, giving his own opinions as to their relative values. At times, he is very sound; at times, he differs from

the consensus of opinion. For an outstanding example of this, we may take his ranking of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, which he places in an inferior position to Pasquin and *The Historical Register*.

It is in the introduction, however, that we find the material which will cause modern scholars to cast their shafts at the author. Mr. Bateson, in a brief discussion of the Restoration comedy, has reverted to the opinion of Lamb that the comedy of this age was purely artificial, failing to hold the mirror up to life. Mr. Allardyce Nicoll and Mr. Bernbaum, however, differ considerably from the opinions held by Mr. Bateson. Mr. Nicoll, for example, says in his *Restoration Drama*: 'The life reflected in the comedies of Etherege and Congreve is not the whole of life: it is rather the essence of upper-class existence of the time' (p. 187). This is far from the idea expressed by Mr. Bateson that the characters of this type of comedy are 'of an aerial, fantastic fairyland' (p. 7). It is scarcely possible, therefore, that the book will receive the whole-hearted approval of modern scholarship.

In the final analysis the book does not contribute a great deal. What it does, it does fairly well; yet what it does, has largely been done before. For a rapid survey of the comedy of the period, it is very acceptable, nothing more.

The book is not graced by an index; it has, however, a satisfactory bibliography.

S. R.

## FICTION

SHORT STORIES OUT OF SOVIET RUSSIA, compiled and translated by John Cournos (Dent; pp. 206; \$2.00).

Mr. Cournos' selection of short stories from Bolshevik authors seems (and this no doubt was unavoidable) to portray the life of the years immediately after the Revolution rather than the life of today, for there is no reflection here of new aspects caused by the process of mechanization that must be profoundly affecting Russian life and as a corollary its art. Most of these sixteen short stories by a dozen different authors centre on the peasant or the small provincial town in the chaotic Red years: as Mr. Cournos points out in his introduction they are mostly the recordings of an artist's observations rather than bits of pure creative art,

and as might be expected they are impressed with cruelty, violence, and terror. Some are simple, one or two cynical, but none of their authors seems to have grasped the significance of the Revolution as a whole—as Pilniak himself said once: 'an ant does not understand the beauty of a female statue because it sees nothing but small projections and grooves as it creeps over it.' But what is right under the ant's nose is described in some cases with remarkable power. Three stories by Isaac Babel, grim incidents of Red Cavalry days, are among the best, and Vsevolod Ivanov's *The Child* stamps on the reader's mind so sharp an impression of the country of his wanderings that it might have been called 'Mongolia.' Ivanov has descriptive power, but as Trotsky said of him and his school, their most dangerous trait is that they glory in their lack of principles. Trotsky damned that as stupidity and thick-headedness, and he was right. The Revolution has yet to produce a great writer: when it does, he will be most probably a sort of Shelley, packed with principles in which he will glory and for which he will undoubtedly be shot.

R. DE B.

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE DIXON-MEARES CONTROVERSY, edited by Judge F. W. Howay (The Ryerson Press; pp. xii, 156; \$5.00).

This is the first of a new historical series being brought out by the Ryerson Press under the general editorship of Mr. Lorne Pierce. It is called 'The Canadian Historical Studies' and is to consist of collections of original documents and of research studies on topics connected with Canadian history. This first volume contains the pamphlet controversy between two British sea-captains who were prominent on the Pacific coast in the 1780's and 1790's, one of them being the Captain Meares who was the chief figure in the Nootka Sound incident. It is splendidly produced, and Judge Howay performs his task as editor in the most satisfying way. But the book costs \$5.00 for some 150 pages. One must protest to the general editor and to the publishers that Canadian historical students are mostly poor people and that a series of volumes of this magnificence can only be bought by libraries or by rich patrons of literature who will never cut the pages.

F.H.U.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

**THE LANTERN SHOW OF PARIS**, by F. G. Hurrell (Cape-Nelson; pp. 245; \$2.50).

Mr. Hurrell is certainly not in the unhappy state of the gentleman in the song who could not praise he loved so much. Praise seems to flow from Mr. Hurrell's pen with an amazing fluency. Praise for all sorts of things, such as the war memorial in the Tuileries, and the Place des Pyramides. Yet there is more than merely admiration in Mr. Hurrell's little book about Paris. All kinds of quaint little incidents are caught by him in the streets of Paris, fantastic people, old signs, unusual views down little-known corners, and the well-known corners at unusual hours. If he implies that each of these incidents is a new reason for admiring Paris, the more power to him. And he wins one over to him by his remark that Paris has never owned the rue de Rivoli, that the street is preposterous in Paris because it has no café.

On the whole, it is an idealized Paris he shows us, with the corners cleaned up, and the sad parts, if not left out, at least made whimsical. The terrible early morning rag-pickers, even, become charming. It is an enviable gift, to be able to make such things seem gentle.

C.C.M.

**THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN**, by Stephen Leacock (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 309; \$2.00).

Mr. Leacock is an economist first and a humourist afterwards; his sketches nowadays are written in American for the big market and have just the right alloy of the nonsensical and the topical to capture it, the Iron Man and the Tin Woman being about the poorest things in a collection that averages on the whole a fair grade of Babbit-metal. But it does seem a pity that the author of *Sunshine Sketches* should have resigned his position as the Canadian humourist to become one of the hundred best wise-crackers of America.

R. DE B.

**THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON**, The Rev. James Woodforde, Vol. IV, 1793-1796. Edited by John Beresford (Oxford University Press; pp. xiii, 355; \$3.75).

Parson Woodforde, now in his fifties, has lost some of the quiet contentment of earlier days. His health is failing, and he writes at length on the gout and other ailments, also on the bitter cold

of these winters. He has almost retired from active work, and employs a curate. He can seldom go courting or fishing. There are fewer trips to Norwich for shopping or concerts or clerical meetings. Two of his most intimate brother parsons die in this period. Not so often can he go out to the pleasant dinner and card parties which fill so large a space in the earlier record. Life has become duller for him and his niece Nancy, especially since the hospitable Squire Custance and his family have gone to live in Bath.

Woodforde officiates in church on the public Fast Days appointed from time to time during the French war. He sees George III mobbed in London. He is afraid that 'The Peace of the County at the approaching Election will be disturbed by some designing, artful & republican People'. But after all rural England is but little disturbed by these alarms. About the most startling change that the Rector notes is that 'Mrs. Howlett was at Church and exhibited for the first time a black Vail over her Face. Times must be good for the Farmers when their Wives can dress in such a stile'. On St. Valentine's Day the village children call at the Rectory and receive each a penny. On Whitmonday there are 'Merry doings at

the Red Heart', and the next day the members of the Weston Purse-Club 'with a Drum & Fife make their Annual Perambulation' to collect subscriptions. Mattishall 'Gaunt' is held in May, and St. Faith's Fair in October. In December the Rector gives the annual Tithe-Audit dinner, or 'Frolic', when the farmers 'come early and stay nearly twelve hours feasting and drinking and singing,—and remain amazingly sober considering the amount consumed. On his glebe Woodforde is a gentleman-farmer, and sells his pigs, poultry, butter, and grain. The history of prices can be illustrated from his record. Many other phases of life are shown. The scene is varied by two long visits to relatives in Somerset, with some days in Bath at the White Hart Inn 'kept by one Pickwick'.

The Diary is a valuable document on English life for the period. Certainly the Muse of History is here 'taking her meals in the kitchen'; but she is bringing good gifts to all whose chief interest in the past is centred on the every-day life of ordinary folk; and she has introduced us to a most genial, pleasant man. 'Thus is an indubitable conquest, though a small one, gained over our great enemy, the all-destroyer Time'.

G. O. S.

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## PROGRAMME, 1930

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

- Fifteenth Annual Visit of Teachers**  
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(For Teachers and Students)  
Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, London
- First Annual Summer School in Spanish**  
(In co-operation with the University of Liverpool)  
Santander, Spain
- First Annual Summer School of Music**  
(For Teachers and Students)  
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- First Annual Summer School of Folk  
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(In co-operation with the English Folk Dance  
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### TRANSPORTATION ARRANGEMENTS—Summer, 1930

#### EASTBOUND SAILINGS—

- "Empress of Scotland," May 28th from Quebec  
to Southampton.  
"Minnedosa," June 21st from Montreal to  
Glasgow.  
"Empress of Australia," July 2nd from Quebec  
to Cherbourg and Southampton.

#### WESTBOUND SAILINGS—

- "Empress of Australia," August 23rd from  
Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.  
"Empress of Scotland," August 30th from  
Southampton and Cherbourg to Quebec.

Members desiring to sail before May 28th or to return before or after August 30th, can secure reservations on other sailings through the League. Rates will be quoted on application.

Application forms containing the usual detailed information regarding the various items of the League's programme for 1930 are available at the Offices of the OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE, Boyd Building, WINNIPEG, FRED J. NEY, Honorary Organizer.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED

*The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.*

## CANADIAN BOOKS

THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA, by Catharine Parr Traill (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 377; \$3.00).

JESSE KETCHUM AND HIS TIMES, by E. J. Hathaway (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 359; \$3.50).

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA, by R. MacGregor Dawson (Oxford University Press; pp. 266; 16/-).

NEW POEMS, by Canon Scott (Victor Lanfrance Ltd.; pp. 39).

TOWN-HALL TONIGHT, by Walter McRae (Ryerson Press; pp. 256; \$2.50).

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY, by Peregrine Acland (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 345; \$2.00).

THE DOMINIONS AND DIPLOMACY, by A. Gordon Dewey (Longmans, Green & Co.; in two volumes; pp. xv, 375, 397; \$15.00).

SELECT DOCUMENTS IN CANADIAN ECONOMIC HISTORY, 1497-1783; edited by H. A. Innis (University of Toronto Press; pp. ix, 581; \$4.00).

## GENERAL

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT, by Philip C. Jessup (World Peace Foundation Pamphlets; pp. 159; \$2.00).

LORD LANSLOWNE, A BIOGRAPHY, by Lord Newton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 536; \$7.50).

THE MESSAGE OF MOSES, by A. S. Wadia (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xix, 100; 75 cents).

SHORT STORIES OUT OF SOVIET RUSSIA, translated by John Cournos (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xi, 206; \$2.00).

PETER LAVELLE, by John Brophy (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 298; \$2.00).

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE, by Hans Driesch (Allen & Unwin; pp. 172; 6/-).

GREEK MEDICINE, edited by Ernest Barker, translated by Arthur J. Brock (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. x, 256; \$1.25).

THE WAITING ROOM, by G. Grange (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 176; \$1.50).

FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON by A. St. John Adcock (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xiv, 287; \$1.50).

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 375; \$2.25).

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by G. N. Clark (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 372; \$4.50).

God, by John Middleton Murry (Cape-Nelson; pp. 317; \$3.00).

ORPHAN OF ETERNITY, by Carl Heinrich (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 303; \$2.50).

PRISONERS OF THE FOREST, by Sir Hugh Clifford (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 345; \$2.50).

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY, by Robert Bridges (Oxford University Press; pp. 192; \$2.25).

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON: The Reverend James Woodforde 1793-1796. Edited by John Beresford (Oxford University Press; pp. xiii, 355; \$3.75).

LES PONTS ROMAINS. DU LATIN A L'ANGLAIS, par Paul Crouzet and Armand Fournier (Henri Didier; pp. xxiv, 246; 18 fr.).

INVESTMENTS OF UNITED STATES CAPITAL IN LATIN AMERICA, by Max Winkler (World Peace Foundation Pamphlets; pp. 297; \$2.00).

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS, by C. F. Andrews (Allen & Unwin; pp. 382; 12/6).

SCIENCE AND PERSONALITY, by William Brown (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 258; \$3.75).

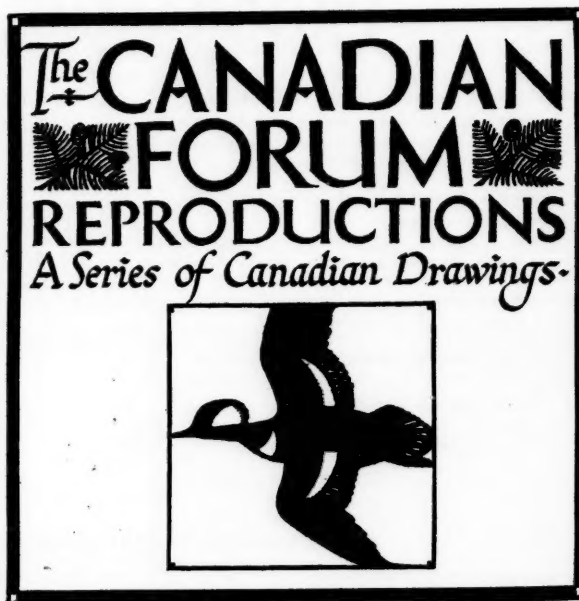
CHINA. THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE, by L. H. Dudley Buxton (Oxford University Press; pp. 333; \$4.50).

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinerton (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 319; \$2.50).

OUR WILD ORCHIDS, by Frank Morris and Edward A. Eames (Scribner's-Copp, Clark Company; pp. xxxi, 464; \$7.50).

MODERN COSMOLOGIES, by Hector Macpherson (Oxford University Press; pp. 131; \$2.25).

THE FOUNDATIONS OF HISTORY-TEACHING, by F. Clarke (Oxford University Press; pp. vi, 171; \$1.35).



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## THE LITTLE ENTENTE

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

The reviewer in your columns of Mr. Robert Machray's book *The Little Entente* can find 'no just reasons' for some of the salient features of Little Entente policy since the Great War. Can this be because he has not examined the case of the Little Entente with sufficient realism and sympathy.

Despite the smooth speeches of Count Apponyi at Geneva, Hungary today is far from being the lamb-like adherent of the cause of liberal internationalism that she tries to appear in the eyes of Western sympathizers. Her capital has a militarist and chauvinist atmosphere which is amazing to the Canadian visitor; her disarmament by the treaty of Trianon is a transparent fiction, as the discovery of huge Italian shipments of machine guns to her has shown. In no other country in Europe does a haughty landed aristocracy maintain its old position so completely intact, and one of the chief motives of irredentist agitation is a desire to impose landlord rule once more on the necks of the liberated peasantry of the Little Entente countries, thereby consolidating the threatened position of the aristocrats in the present 'Kingdom of Hungary.' Beneath a façade of Parliamentary rule, the government of post-war Hungary has conformed to a reactionary and repressive Fascist type, and the brutal treatment of the Jews who, through the 'numerus clausus' were forced to seek abroad, if at all, the educational opportunities they coveted, shows that Hungarian ideals as to the treatment of minorities have not changed materially since the pre-war investigation of 'Scotus Viator.' The Hungarians as a whole are not really interested in 'self-determination'; what is desired is the restoration in substance of the historic 'Kingdom of Hungary,' not half of which was Magyar in speech and nationality. Informal utterances of Hungarian diplomats, leaders of opinion, and of the people in general show that this is the ideal which lies behind all the parade of misleading statistics (which, for instance, reckon Jews as 'Magyar'). The sympathy of Catholic

and Fascist and conservative Europe for Hungarian aims is comprehensible; but the Hungarian state as at present organized has no claim upon the sympathy of Liberals.

Your reviewer can find no possible justification for the present frontiers, yet he himself admits that Marshal Foch regarded them as strategically necessary. The ethnographical frontier would have Czechoslovakia, for instance, practically cut in two by a mountain range, the two parts not knit together by any adequate communications since the railways follow the Danube. Slovakia would be militarily indefensible, and economically isolated, caught between the mountains and the Hungarian tariff wall, one of the highest in Europe. Hungary, in league with Italy, Bulgaria, and Albania, is a constant threat to the Little Entente; the present frontiers were drawn to assure the political and economic security of the new order in Central Europe. Ultimately, no doubt, the frontiers will be revised peaceably by plebiscite within the economic and political unity of a Danubian or a European Federation; but opinion now is far from ripe for that, and there are few countries in Europe less ready for it psychologically than Hungary. Boundaries which disregard utterly all but considerations of self-determination such as those of the component states of the Soviet Union, are only possible within a *Kriegsverein* and *Zollverein*. At the present time in Central Europe, they would probably lead to a reversion to pre-war conditions. France helps the Little Entente only if it is able to help itself and her. Britain is in anything but a crusading mood; the League Covenant is full of gaps and is not much relied on by serious statesmen, as the violent advocacy of, and opposition to security pacts show. There remain, for the Little Entente statesmen, the strategic frontiers, the treaties, the alliances, as solid present guarantees, gradually to be transformed into something better. We Anglo-Saxons are unwilling to guarantee general security, so we can hardly ask other nations to commit national *hari-kari* by abandoning the securities they now possess. As for 'Lord Rothermere's drum' in view of the noble lord's general policy and record, it is indeed painful to see any

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's-Copp, Clarke Co.; pp. 355; \$2.00).

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA, by Kenneth Macgowan (Harcourt, Brace & Co.; pp. 398; \$3.75).

DIANA, by Emil Ludwig (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; in two volumes; pp. 679; \$5.00).

OBLOMOV, by Ivan Goncharov (Allen & Unwin Ltd.; pp. 525; 10/6).

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE, by Edward Westermarck (Allen & Unwin Ltd.; pp. 313; 16/-).

INFORMATION ON THE WORLD COURT, 1918-1928, by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett (Allen & Unwin Ltd.; pp. 208; 10/-).

KANT'S CONCEPTION OF GOD, by F. E. England (Allen & Unwin Ltd.; pp. 252; 10/-).

THE THEORY OF CHRIST'S ETHICS, by F. A. M. Spencer (Allen & Unwin Ltd.; pp. 252; 10/6).

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (Cape-Nelson; pp. 446; \$3.00).

A MISCELLANY, by A. C. Bradley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 267; \$3.00).

PROCESS AND REALITY, by Alfred N. Whitehead (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 545; \$5.00).

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, by Arthur Berriedale Keith (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xix, 524; \$5.50).

COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 1018; \$6.00).

RESTORATION TRAGEDY 1660-1720, by Bonamy Dobree (Oxford University Press; pp. 189; \$2.25).

THE MAN WITH A CANE. A Comedy in One Act, by Geoffrey Dearmer (Year Book Press; pp. 15; 1/-).

ENOCH IN ARDEN. An Inconsequent Trifle, by Charles Thomas (Year Book Press; pp. 12; 1/-).

AN OBJECT LESSON. A Comedy in One Act, by Collinson Owen (Year Book Press; pp. 20; 1/-).

DEADMAN'S POOL. A Play in One Act, by Victor Bridges and T. C. Bridges (Year Book Press; pp. 14; 1/-).

PARLIAMENT AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE, by Robert L. Schuyler (Columbia University Press; pp. 279; \$3.75).

THIRTY TALES AND SKETCHES, by R. B. Cunningham Graham (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 354; \$3.00).

THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD, by E. Stanley Jones (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 271; \$1.50).

GROWTH AND TROPIC MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS, by Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. xi, 447; \$8.40).



liberal Britisher marching, however 'uneasily' to its beat. Lord Rothermere has been idolized in Hungary, but he has certainly not been taken seriously in the English Press or political circles. His campaign was generally regarded as only another newspaper 'stunt'; it was discountenanced by the Foreign Office as dangerous to European peace. His sudden conversion to the Magyar cause followed a visit to Hungary, suggested apparently, in Italy. It is the obvious sequel to the noble lord's sympathy with Italy and with Fascism, and to the excessive blandishments of the haughty Magyar aristocrats, so agreeable to an *arriviste* press peer. Incidentally, may it not be that the rich natural resources of Transylvania guarded by Roumania with a jealous eye, are not without their uses in manipulating Hungary's irredentist campaign abroad? Promises are always easy.

Your reviewer criticizes the treatment of property claims of optants for Hungarian nationality who owned lands in the liberated regions. If these claims were acceded to, the whole post-war land reform in the Danube valley would be menaced. As for Bessarabia, it would be interesting to know what solution he has in mind for that exceedingly complex question.

Yours etc.,  
CHAS. W. LIGHTBODY.

[Mr. de Brisay writes:—"The Hungarians are as God made them and Lord Rothermere is what he has made himself. I have no illusions about either, although I have my preferences as between the two. I freely admit that generally speaking Lord Rothermere is always wrong, and I only maintain that his judgment of the Treaty of Trianon is the exception that proves the rule. I quoted Count Apponyi not because of his reputation as a pacifist but because his words happened to be profoundly true. If we are to have peace in the world we must have justice first. Your correspondent admits in his third paragraph that injustices exist in the situation in Central Europe, and I hold that it is not too early now to consider their correction. I might point out by the way that the present frontiers of Germany as set by the Treaty of Versailles impose upon her the exact conditions which were ruled out as impossible in drawing the frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia, even though in the latter case they would have been ethnically justified."—Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.]

#### ERNEST LAWSON

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

Before giving you my short biographical note on the three American artists who were the exhibitors at the Art Gallery of Toronto during the month of January, I confirmed my own recollection of these artists biography with the aid of 'Who's Who in Art', a chapter of the American Art Annual, volume 24, 1927, published by the American Federation of Art. This usually authentic directory and chronology of American artists gave the following data in regard to Ernest Lawson: 'Born in California 1873, studied in Kansas City, A.S.L. New

York, and in Paris'. Further information along the same lines came to me in the form of a letter from one of the Secretaries of the Museum of Modern Art of New York City, who in answer to my inquiry stated: 'the only information that we have concerning Lawson is, that he was born in San Francisco, California, in 1873. I have never heard his birth placed in Nova Scotia'. On the other hand, a correspondent from Nova Scotia writes to say that Lawson was born in Halifax, and some of my friends are also of this opinion. I should be very glad to receive further evidence on this point.

Yours etc.,  
JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.



#### THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

WINNIPEG COMMUNITY PLAYERS

The presentation of Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* by the Winnipeg Community Players in December was quite a meritorious effort, certainly far ahead of the preceding production. Ambitious in scope, it was, with few exceptions, admirably carried out. Its success lay largely in the astuteness displayed in casting. As director of the production Nancy Pyper showed rare discrimination in her selection of players. Some acted for the first time—Evelyn Morris, for instance, who would appear to be a possible find for the Little Theatre.

The play, it is now almost superfluous to say, as one of Shaw's earlier ones, is about ninety per cent. Drury Lane melodrama and ten per cent. Shaw. Apparently this was the strongest mixture the theatrical stomach of that day could stand. It seems singularly impotent now, that is, in the Shavian sense, although the characterizations still retain their sharpness and freshness, proving, presumably, that we have not travelled so far dramatically as we sometimes like to believe. Departures from the habitual theatrical moulds still strike us with a sense of newness and strangeness. The physical obstacles to the production of *The Devil's Disciple* on such a small stage as Winnipeg's Little Theatre would have staggered many—there are three acts, five scenes, and twenty-four characters—but they were successfully overcome by an

artistic ingenuity little short of inspired. Simple, but very effective settings, were designed by Grant Overton, Arthur Neilson, and Don Phillip, of the Winnipeg School of Art.

The acting, as a whole, was commendable. In the leading role of Dick Dudgeon, Winston McQuillin was picturesque and pleasing, even if at times he threatened to take on too romantic a tinge. In fact, there was distinctly apparent, at often frequent intervals, a tendency to pitch the play in a higher, more emotional, key than was called for. Kathleen Parker, as Mrs. Dudgeon, quite often, and Evelyn Morris occasionally, displayed this mild defect. R. A. Roberts was a first rate Rev. Anthony Anderson until his metamorphosis into a man of swift action. He then seemed slightly bewildered, but not too noticeably so. William Osler had all the outlines of an excellent General Burgoyne, but lacked some of the inner substance. F. E. Womersley presented the appropriately formidable military temperament of Major Swindon. In all, as stated, a courageous effort, well carried out.

JOHN HURLEY.

#### THE WIZARD OF OZ HART HOUSE THEATRE

This claims to be 'a play for children,' and, unlike many works so described, it is this and nothing more: no allegory, no satire, no clever asides for the supposedly brain-burdened adult. Anything of that kind would have been a

welcome novelty, but this version of *The Wizard of Oz* was truly admirable. This version, I say; for it appears (not from the programme, and why not?) that the dramatic 'book' was composed by the Director, who deserves enthusiastic congratulation. The whole thing went splendidly, except that (as often happens in amateur performances) the dances lacked finish. All the cast were so excellent that I hardly like to single out the nevertheless notable merit of Pearl Gray as Dorothy, and A. Monro Grier as the Wizard. Moreover, the mounting was first-rate—lighting, scenery, and costume: I loved the Cowardly Lion's mask (the very picture of a Professor of Greek whom I used to know); and since I lusted at the age of eight for Ali Baba's bag of gold ('Jubilee sovereigns', he called it, so you can calculate my age) never has my covetousness been so keenly aroused as by the Wizard's green hat.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

#### IF FOUR WALLS TOLD THEATRE ARTS GROUP

The Theatre Arts Group of Toronto opened their second season with a highly successful venture on the boards of the Hart House stage. The club had expected to produce Miles Malleeson's *Conflict*, which would have constituted a Canadian première, but owing to unforeseen difficulties were obliged to substitute Edward Percy's *If Four Walls Told*, an unpleasing rural drama containing much theatre, several good acting parts, the traditional misunderstandings, bastardy, coincidences and recognitions, and not an idea from start to finish. It was played in the regular Hart House season of 1926-27, and generally condemned as one of the worst pieces ever billed at that theatre. With this handicap it says much for the skill of the Theatre Arts Group and the capacity of its directors, Edgar Stone and H. E. Hitchman, that one's attention and interest were, in the main, closely held; the acting was in general competent and in places excellent, notably in the key scene between Lyz and Jan (Freda Lloyd and Charles Sivell). Something would have been gained if the characterization of David Rysing had been developed with less of the quavery-doddery note, with its inevitable slowing up of the action, and, from the front rows at least, the table in act III rather deadened the work of those who had to play behind it. The play was well staged and costumed and the make-up outstandingly good.

R. K. H.

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